

THE AMERICAN

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THE AMERICAN

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PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JANUARY 11, 1890.

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REVIEW OF THE WEEK.

IN both branches of Congress there is a renewal of the attack upon Colonel W. W. Dudley in connection with the "blocks-of-five" letter. In the House Mr. Bynum, and in the Senate Mr. Voorhees, introduced resolutions to inquire into the subject, and the latter one occasioned a spirited discussion in the Senate on Wednesday, in which Mr. Edmunds effectively appeared to check the very eager effort of Mr. Voorhees to turn the business to partisan account. It may be said with safety that when political virtue comes to be represented by Senator Voorhees, she is in a deplorable plight: we question, indeed, if anybody ever heard of an instance in which that gentleman appeared as the sincere champion of honest politics.

None the less, however, it ought not to be the wish of any Republican to have the party generally become involved in any crookedness which may have been directed by Colonel Dudley, or any other person, to carry the election of 1888. That there was a Democratic system of buying the "floaters," of Indiana, as was shown by the letter which Mr. Edmunds read on Wednesday, will not clear any Republican skirts. We have no doubt that Mr. Voorhees's following is as deep in the mud as it is alleged Colonel Dudley is in the mire, but what of that? No number of iniquities can be so united as to create innocence. And furthermore, it is not worth while for one so honored in his general record as Mr. Edmunds, to become the counsel of record for anybody who is likely to get his fingers pinched in a just and proper inquiry into this or other charges of political rascality. Nor is it worth while, either, for the Attorney-General to mix up his department,—it being that "of Justice" which he presides over,—in Colonel Dudley's business. He may properly reflect that under the present chairmanship of the Republican National Committee it is the part of prudence not to undertake too ardent or too sweeping a defense of all that is done to carry a closely contested State. That there is anything yet proved against Colonel Dudley we do not see, but if he is clear of wrong he can afford to stand an investigation.

SENATOR CALL, of Florida, who appears ambitious to distinguish himself as the modern successor of the three eminent authors of the Ostend Manifesto, has a second time signified his designs on Cuba. This time he approaches the question on its financial side. He has offered a resolution declaring that the debt of the island constitutes a mortgage upon it beyond what either Cuba or Spain can pay, and that as it is held by German bankers, whose interests are protected by the Kaiser's government, it gives the Germans a kind of reversionary interest in Cuba. This Mr. Call declares contrary to our traditional policy, as it would transfer the financial control of the island to another European power. We do not see how our public policy is at all affected by this state of things, even supposing that Mr. Call is quite right in his account of the situation, which the Havana journals vehemently deny. The Monroe Doctrine has no relevancy to the colonies of European powers on this continent, and we never yet have undertaken to say of whom or to what extent such colonies shall borrow money. It would be much more pertinent for us to put a veto on the loans made by the free States, whose independence we have professed to guarantee under the Monroe Doctrine, as those loans are fruitful of misunderstandings and quarrels with European Powers. But we would not think of assuming any such authority, much less of undertaking to say from whom the Dons shall borrow on the credit of their islands. We recommend them, therefore, not to grow excited over Mr. Call's proceedings: the time will come, perhaps, when Cuba will be a part of the United States,

but so far as anything now appears, the Florida Senator is not likely to be the means of the annexation.

MONTANA will send four Senators-elect to the national Senate to seek their fortunes. The two Republicans hold certificates of election from the Lieutenant-Governor and the Secretary of State; the Democrats from the Governor. Thus far no decision on the merits of the contestants for seats in the State House of Representatives has been reached in the courts of the State, so that the Senate of the United States will have to take up the question from the inception and pass upon the merits of the controversy, unaided by judicial guidance. It is not impossible that it will send back all four, on the ground that none of them possess proper evidence of election to the national Senate. That will be just as well, no doubt.

THE Inter-State Commerce Commission, in its annual report to Congress, makes an excellent exhibit of work done during the year. It also suggests a number of amendments to the law under which it is acting, the most important being the extension of the Commission's authority over Inter-State commerce by water as well as by railroad. As this power is necessary to the full control of commerce between the States even by rail, and as there is no reason for making any distinction between the two kinds of traffic as regards national jurisdiction over it, the change should be made at once. We only regret that the Commission does not ask the power to modify the rule as regards proportional charges in cases where water transportation comes into play.

Neither has the Commission asked the power to allow of pools of traffic receipts under proper regard for the public interests, as is done in Europe. And yet the want of this power is forcing a combination of railroads into far more objectionable arrangements by permanent consolidation under single management. The past year has been remarkable for the number and extent of these, and should the present national law against pooling continue in force, the whole railroad system of the country is likely to be brought under the control of a few great corporations.

The Commission call attention to the destruction of human life by the roads. They have reports from all but eight per cent. of the mileage, and they find that during the year 315 passengers, 2,070 employes, and 2,897 other persons were killed. Besides this 20,148 employes were injured, chiefly through the use of brakes and coupling apparatus of a rude character. This is a matter which President Harrison thought worthy of comment in his annual message, and it is one which appeals powerfully to the humanity of the nation.

THE Marine Conference at Washington has closed its labors after accomplishing something to check the waste of human life and wealth by ocean casualties, but a good deal less than was hoped. The disappointment of the expectations formed of its results was due mainly to the resistance of the representatives of Great Britain. Failing to call any conference in London to settle the new problems of ocean navigation, that government showed from the first a childish jealousy of the initiative taken by the United States. It first refused to send any representative to the Conference, and when the general acceptance of our invitation by other nations made it evident that its refusal would not avail to prevent the meeting, England then sent delegates instructed to discuss only a fragment of the programme sketched by our State Department. When it became evident that this also was of no use to cramp the action of the Conference, the restriction was removed, and the British delegates were allowed to take as large a field for discussion as the rest. But in the proceedings of the Con-

ference they played the part of quiet obstructives on nearly every question.

There is another reason for this than mere jealousy of our influence. Great Britain is the greatest ship-owner of the world, and is apt to regard any restriction on what ships may do on the ocean as standing in the way of her own advantage. Every one knows what a battle Mr. Plimsoll had to fight to secure the establishment of decent regulations as to the examination of British vessels to test their sea-worthiness, and to prevent their being over-loaded in British ports before sailing. His frightful exhibit of lives lost every year through rotten tubs being sent to sea with an overload, produced no effect upon Parliament, until the classes more interested in saving lives than in the profits of ship-owning took up the question, and compelled the Government to act. The present English Ministry is the especial representative of the wealthy and money-making classes, and therefore is much less likely to acquiesce in new rules to govern ocean usage than would be a Liberal Government.

ANY monetary proposal coming from Mr. John Jay Knox, the former Controller of the Currency and now the President of the National Bank of the Republic in New York, will be heard with respect and attention. But we are not impressed with the reasonableness of his plan for the maintenance of the circulation of the National Banks by allowing the banks to secure it by substituting gold and silver bullion at market value for United States bonds, and by allowing them to exceed by thirty per cent. the amount of these deposits, this excess to be secured by a Safety Fund created by the Treasury. He would make a beginning of this fund by charging to its credit a million and a half of lost Treasury notes and the same amount of lost bank-notes. He then would keep it up by transferring to it the income from the present tax on the circulation of the National Banks. With the present rate of failures this fund would suffice to pay eight times over all the notes secured by the Fund and coming in for redemption. But the experience of New York and of some other States which tried a plan like this in the era before the War, go to show that the Fund would prove a broken reed to lean on in time of a general panic. At present our banking system is secured from the consequences of popular panic, because the notes,—the means by which the banks touch the public at large,—are known to be absolutely secured by the deposit of bonds. Under the new arrangement this sense of security would be impaired, and when a fund of a few millions was made liable for the redemption of a hundred millions of notes, the openings for panic would be furnished.

Neither do we see that the substitution of bullion for bonds would furnish to the banks an adequate inducement to keep up their circulation. In the case of a deposit of silver, the banks would be liable to meet any deficit caused by the decline of the price of that metal. They would derive no other advantage from taking this risk than the power to issue three dollars of every ten without any deposit for the security of the note-holders. On the other seven dollars they would make nothing whatever, as they might just as well loan gold or silver as notes secured by their deposit. And as Mr. Knox would limit the total issues to seventy-five per cent. of the bank's capital, the amount of profitable issues would be only twenty-two and a half per cent. of the capital of each bank. At five per cent., this would bring one and an eighth per cent. to the bank, if it were able to keep out all its circulation; and in case of any part of it not being kept out, it would be that part not secured by deposits which would be lying idle, first of all.

Nor would the plan be of any service to those parts of the country which are suffering from want of circulation. It would be just as hard for them to buy and deposit silver bullion as it now is to buy and deposit United States bonds.

FREE TRADERS object to the statement that the amount of domestic exchanges is a better test of national prosperity than is

the amount of exports and imports. They constantly appeal to the latter in proof that Free Trade is better for a country than Protection. In this, as in so many other instances, Ireland furnishes the refutation of their theory. In the year 1880 the total clearances from Irish ports were 6,935,224 tons. At the same rate a head of the population, the clearances from our own ports in 1880 would have been 67,000,000 tons. As a matter of fact they were 15,327,774 tons. On the Free Trade theory this proves that Ireland was more than four times as prosperous as the United States.

FREE TRADERS say we cannot compete with England in the ports of South America until we reduce the cost of production. This must come, they declare, either by giving the manufacturers free raw materials or by lowering wages. As the manufacturers can get a rebate of 90 per cent. of the duties on raw materials they use in goods which they afterwards export, and as cotton,—the most important of raw materials in this connection,—is free of duty, it cannot be our duties on raw materials that stand in the way. And they themselves profess to deprecate any reduction of wages to a European level, so that there is no relief in that quarter.

That we can compete with England is shown by the fact that we do compete both in South America and in Canada. The Dominion buys more goods of us than of England, although her Tariff is adjusted to favor trade with England rather than with us. "Then," retorts the Free Trader, "there is no need of a protective Tariff to keep out English competition from our markets." Not so fast. It by no means follows that because we can undersell England in Rio or Montreal, that she could not undersell us in New York. Our trade with these countries is largely the sale of a surplus left over after supplying the home-market. We have very few firms which manufacture purely for export, as thousands of English firms do. And this surplus production stands on the same footing as does freight carried by a railroad to competing points, at lower rates than to points where competition is not encountered. Such freight is profitable where it pays anything over the cost of handling. The railroad would be bankrupted if it got no other class of freight than this, and yet it makes a part of its dividends out of just this traffic.

So in manufacturing. Goods for the home market, which is comparatively a non-competing point by reason of the Tariff, must pay not only the cost of manipulation, but interest on investments, the wear and tear of plant, and the like. But a big firm generally has a margin of productive power that it can employ in producing for export, and can make some profit on this surplus even though it has to send it to points where the competition is open to all the world. Such export does not injure the home market, and it brings a small profit to the producer, and yet he, like the railroad, would be bankrupted if he had no other business than this. That is, Free Trade would ruin him.

THE Legislatures of a number of States began their sessions with the New Year. That of Massachusetts has not before it any very important problem this year, but the question of substituting biennial for annual elections of State officers comes up once more for action. Gov. Brackett favors biennial elections but annual meetings of the Legislature: and our own experience justifies the distinction. The affairs of a great commonwealth cannot be attended to with adequate promptness in biennial sessions; and when our License Court meets in a few weeks, we will find ample reason to regret the arrangement which made the amendment of the Brooks Law impossible in the interval since the Supreme Court struck at it.

Gov. Brackett calls attention to the fact that in all but eight of the cities of Massachusetts the police hold office during good behavior, and he suggests that the results in those cities have been so excellent as to justify its extension to the rest. Thus in every direction we find the principle of tenure during good behavior grows in favor.

The New York legislature met on Tuesday to renew the annual struggle over High License, Ballot Reform, and prison policy. The public interest in the Republican struggle for these things would be much more lively, if so much of the session of the Senate, at least, were not taken up in maintaining Mr. Thomas C. Platt's right to restrict the nominations of the Governor.

In the Maryland and Ohio legislatures the interest centres in the choice of a United States Senator. As the national Senate, by its decision in the case of Senator Payne, established the principle of immunity for bribery to secure votes in caucus, the Democratic millionaires of Ohio have a free field in their bidding for support. And the newspapers of their own party charge that Mr. Brice, Mr. Thomas, and the rest are making use of their opportunity. Mr. Bookwalter has had the decency to withdraw, on the ground that a millionaire is not the stuff to make a Senator of, but this does not affect his rivals in the least. Mr. Parton defines his party as made up of "the many who suffer and the few who think." Yet no party in our history ever made such a painful display of subserviency to the money-power as the Democracy of Ohio has done in its last two opportunities of electing a member of our highest legislative body.

THE people of South Carolina appear to have been awakened to some degree of shame and resentment for the butchery of the negro prisoners at Barnwell, several of whom were not even accused of any crime, but were detained as witnesses against those who were accused. The Governor has offered a reward of \$200 each for the arrest of the guilty persons, and apologizes for the smallness of this amount as it exhausts the fund at his disposal for such purposes. But not one arrest has been made, or is likely to be made so long as the paralysis of social cowardice pervades Southern society. One fire-eater counts for a great many law-abiding men in South Carolina.

North Carolina contributes its quota to the tale of barbarities of the Christmas time by the ill-treatment of a Methodist preacher whose offense was his taking charge of a congregation of colored people at Holly Springs in that State. He was warned by a letter signed "Some of the Citizens" that this offended the race sensibilities of the white people, and that they regarded him as "a grovelling humiliator of your distinguished race." As he did not desist the parsonage was first stoned, and then a volley of bullets was fired into his sitting-room, where he was sitting with his wife and children. He was wounded, and his wife was knocked down by the chivalry, who then broke into the house. As Mr. Joiner is a British subject, he has taken the course of laying his case before the British minister, who is investigating the facts with a view to laying a complaint before the State Department. What will Mr. Blaine do? Will he be obliged to tell Sir Julian Pauncefote that while we exact protection for Americans resident in any part of the British Empire, under our treaties of commerce and amity, we are ourselves powerless to protect any British subject against outrages inflicted by the people of any State of the Union? Or will the clause of the Constitution which makes such treaties a part of the "supreme law of the land" suffice to lengthen the arm of the nation until it reaches these outrage-mongers?

THE Mayor of New York reports a municipal debt of \$98,663,072.77,—an increase of \$7,349,936.94 during the last year. As the special issue of bonds for new parks during the year amounted to \$9,057,000, the city may be said to have more than made both ends meet, apart from this outlay. But it cannot be said to be ridding itself of the burden of indebtedness with any rapidity. And there is not in America a municipal community which is more likely to stand in need of the freedom of action which attends freedom from debt. Nowhere on this continent is there a population in which great emergencies are more likely to arise.

It is intimated from Ottawa that there are to be fresh negotiations over the Fisheries question, and that Sir Charles Tupper is

to return from England to assist Sir Julian Pauncefote in their management. We hope the rumor is not true. The Senate of the United States, by a large and non-partisan majority, declared itself opposed to any fresh agreement on the subject, and this policy was accepted, by the Republican party at least, as the wiser. Mr. Bayard's defiance of the judgment of the Senate weakened his party on that question; but we hope Mr. Blaine does not mean to repeat a mistake by which his predecessor acquired no credit and accomplished nothing whatever. What we want of Canada is not a new Treaty, but our rights under existing treaties; and all that is needed for that is the withdrawal of all the special commercial privileges we now extend to her, including the right to trade in our ports and to buy bait there. Mr. Nimmo, in a letter to the *New York Tribune*, points out a number of favors we extend to this surly neighbor, who will do nothing for us. Among these is the right to ship goods in bond across our territories, while our fishermen are forbidden to ship their fish in that fashion across any part of Canada's territory. Another is the privilege of bringing goods of all kinds, including salt fish, into our ports and keeping them there in bond until it is convenient to reship them to any foreign port, while two American vessels may not transfer a take of fish from one to the other in any port or waters controlled by Canada. That such privileges should be allowed to continue after the injuries done to our fishermen during the last five years, only shows how inefficient our diplomacy has been.

"FIRST you send us a missionary," says King John of Abyssinia to the English; "then a consul to look after the missionary; then an army to take care of the consul." This has been the course of both England and Portugal in the district called Nyassaland, but the Portuguese thought they had the best claim, as their missionary, consul, and army were there a century or two ahead of the English. But John Bull has made up his mind that this particular corner of the continent is necessary to his business interests, and Portugal must yield. It is true, as Prof. Drummond remarks, that Portugal has not been doing much for the territory it claims as its own and professes to wish to civilize. But this is equally true of half-a-dozen English settlements in Africa, especially on the West Coast, as Mr. James Thomson shows in his recent book of travel. Sierra Leone, for instance, was to be an outpost of British civilization, and men like Zachary Macaulay gave some of their best years to making it such. Now it is nothing more than a military outpost of the Empire, and exerts no kind of influence for good over the native tribes,—has indeed given up all pretence of doing so.

In the case of Nyassaland the Portuguese have no show, as their representatives in that part of the world made the mistake of firing the English heart by an attack on tribes who had been taken under British protection. So Lord Salisbury has with him not only the Jingoists, but the class most generally opposed to Jingoism, the friends of the aborigines and the philanthropists generally, in taking a peremptory tone at Lisbon. Nyassaland is to be added to the overloaded Titan's burdens, and England will make yet another enemy in Europe, where she already has so few friends.

THE Sublime Porte has not heard the last of its faithful servant Moussa Bey, whose excess of zeal in Armenia was disposed of by an honorable exile to Syria. Unfortunately for Moussa, he was too sound a Moslem to confine himself to the work of outraging, torturing, and murdering the Sultan's Christian subjects. He thought a foreign missionary equally fair game for his orthodox zeal, and in the eye of the Shariat so he was. But the murdered missionary was under the protection of international law, and not only every missionary but every foreign resident in Turkey has the liveliest and the most direct interest in having the murderer punished. So these infidels will not let the matter rest, Mr. Hirsch and the American missionaries being among the fore-

most in demanding that the old tyrant shall be condignly punished. It is probable, therefore, that unless Moussa should solve the problem by dying, he will have to come back to Stambul for a second trial, and that the diplomatic corps will watch the proceedings with a livelier interest than they did the first one.

In the good old times, when the Turk ruled the whole Peninsula, the demand for such a punishment would have been met with scorn. But now the sick man is the foot-ball of diplomacy, and the secret murder of converts from Islam to Christianity is the utmost he can venture upon in the discharge of his obligations as ruler of the true believers and that much he still does.

FINANCIAL REVIEW.

NEW YORK.

THE policy of concealment of the condition of a corporation by the suppression of reports has been bearing its natural fruits this week in the case of the Reading securities, to which chief interest has attached in the recent movements of the stock market. It will be remembered that some months ago, when the coal trade began to slacken off, both prices and consumption declining, the Reading Company practically suppressed its monthly reports, which had before been given out with as much regularity as those of the Pennsylvania Railroad. While a report purporting to show what the company was doing continued to be issued, and is still issued, yet by withholding all report of what the Reading Coal and Iron Company was doing, the statement was made valueless. The effect of such suppression of information is to open the way to a market manipulation of the securities by "insiders" such as would not be possible if outsiders were kept informed of the true state of affairs. This sort of thing generally winds up in a big smash in something or other, and a general row over it. The people on the inside who know what is going on, quietly sell out their holdings of the securities affected. While they are doing this they sedulously keep afloat rumors of the most favorable character in regard to the Company's affairs, and as the official sources of information to the public have been closed they can obtain more or less ready credence for these rumors. This goes on until the time comes when the real state of affairs must be made known. The insiders are then all sold out, and ready for the sudden fall in prices which inevitably ensues. They may, perhaps, be short of the stocks or bonds affected, and make money that way. At any rate they are ready, when the rush of outsiders to sell has knocked the securities almost to panic prices, to pick them up cheap.

This is the sort of thing which has been seen this week in Reading. Wednesday last was the day on which the managers were to meet and declare the interest on such of the three classes of deferred income bonds as it should be shown had earned it. The interest on the first series was regarded as a certainty, and it was considered merely a question whether the seconds would get anything. On Tuesday morning a heavy selling movement started in Reading stock, and rumors came by cable from London that no interest would be paid on the firsts. A few sales of these starting about 80 broke the price. There was found to be no support, and at once there was a general scramble among holders to get out. The bonds broke to 74, rallied to 77, and broke again on another flood of sales, finally steadying on Wednesday about 70. Meantime the transactions in the stock had been on an enormous scale. It closed Tuesday afternoon at 36½, a drop of about three points for the day. The outlook was such that it would have taken little to have started a sort of panic in all the Reading securities next morning. Something had to be done. The chief members of the bull pool in the stock got together and decided over night to make a stand. When, therefore, the Board opened Wednesday, their brokers were ready on the floor to take all the stock offering. At the same time they bought Lackawanna largely, (it is reported that Mr. Gould was one of the chief buyers), and quickly bid up Jersey Central and Delaware & Hudson, — two stocks so closely held that quotations are easily made for them. It was said that the purchases of Wormser & Co. alone that morning were 50,000 shares. This would be 25,000 full shares (Reading being half stock in this market); which supposing the average price was 36, would call for \$900,000 cash. The flood of stock poured in was immense, but there was also a heavy short interest, and the shorts soon turned to covering, seeing that a big fight was on, and being further pressed by the calling in of loaned stock, which made it scarce enough to command 1-32d premium in the loan crowd. The contest went on all day, and at the close the bulls appeared to have won the day. They had stopped the decline.

It would not be easy to describe the excitement which this business occasioned. The whole street talked of nothing else, and

took no interest in anything else. Philadelphia was besieged with inquiries over all the private wires in brokers' offices for information. Was the interest on the firsts to be paid? What did Corbin say? What did the other officers say? Very little information could be obtained at first, but it came later that the interest would not be paid. The "tape" said it would not very plainly, in a break of ten points in two days in the price of the bonds. Then it was announced that the meeting called for the afternoon had been postponed to the next day. This looked suspicious, and talk of a trick, a scoop, etc., was heard. The most unpopular man in Wall street to-day is President Corbin. No one has a good word for him here. He is generally denounced. The rumors are that he long ago sold out his Reading securities and invested in Jersey Central, which he and his immediate following are now benefitting at the expense of Reading. If the stock could vote, his tenure of office would be promptly brought to a close, but the stock is tied up in a voting trust. The trust is now generally denounced. It is declared to be a bad thing, and prejudicial to the best interests of a corporation. The Courts have said such trusts are illegal and against public policy. Such as exist to-day, exist because no considerable body of security-holders affected have questioned them. They are continued by acquiescence merely. Incidentally this Reading episode will certainly have a strong influence on the proposition for creating a ten years voting trust for Atchison. The proposition has not been received with much favor, the term being thought too long. The plight in which the Reading stockholders now find themselves, helpless as against a manager they think has sold them out for the benefit of another company to which he is supposed to have transferred his personal interests, will act as a warning to Atchison stockholders. Unlimited power is not a good thing to give to any man or set of men. It always makes trouble in the end.

It is now officially stated that no interest has been earned or can be paid on the income bonds; and those people whom Mr. Corbin so lately assured to the contrary are wondering how the two statements can be made to agree.

It has been noted that through all the racket of the market the Gould stocks were conspicuously strong. Mr. Gould is credited with naming prices at which certain of his stocks will sell, all considerably higher than those now ruling; and it is generally conceded by those who have good opportunities to observe, that Mr. Gould is active in the market, as he has not been for two years past, and that is he buying stocks. We shall soon see what will be the effect of this and of easier money.

THE PENNSYLVANIA GOVERNORSHIP.

THIS year a Governor of Pennsylvania is to be chosen, and the business has attracted and will attract more attention than any other Pennsylvania election, except that of 1882, has done for a long time. The reason for this is simple: the problem presented to the people is not simply the balloting for a person to administer the duties of the Governorship, but also the question whether the person shall be "named" in advance by Mr. Matthew S. Quay. Obviously the latter part of the problem is the greater; as a matter of fact it reduces the other to comparative unimportance. If Mr. Quay is to designate the Governor in advance, the formality of the so-called election in November will be a matter of trifling concern.

Mr. Quay is under such "obligations," financial and political, to a gentleman in Meadville, in Crawford county, Mr. Delamater, that he must, as he will, make Mr. Delamater Governor of Pennsylvania, if it be possible. And we are now well along in the performance of this programme. To the ordinary observer of politics it might appear that the process of nominating and electing the Governor was several months distant. On the contrary, a part of the delegates to the Republican Convention of 1890 have already been elected,—and they are generally, if not entirely, in the control of Mr. Quay, to be used for the nomination of his "men." In Bucks county, for example, where the people have preserved a measure of political liberty, through the long era of Boss Rule, the delegates were designated last Fall, by Mr. Gilkeson, Mr. Quay's obsequious agent for that county,—now an official in the Treasury Department,—and will answer to him, unless they should hear a loud and imperative call from their constituents. In other counties, where the delegates have been chosen, a like state of affairs exists: in Berks, though there are contesting delegations, each side claims to be even more than the other "in ac-

cord with the Senators,"—that is, anxious to carry out Mr. Quay's orders,—Mr. Cameron being now a captive.

The movement being already so well under way, the nomination of Mr. Delamater will duly develop. The candidacy of General Hastings may cause some delay, or even difficulty, but it will have this compensation, that it gives the proceeding the air of a real contest, and there are many simple souls between Wayne county and Greene who will imagine that they see in the selection of the delegates and their proceedings in the Convention, a free and fair competition, in which the will of the people will finally find expression. Such a belief is a comfort to them, and Mr. Quay desires those who enjoy it not to be deprived of it. General Hastings, if he could be made Governor, would suit Mr. Quay well enough. It is fair to presume that he would defer to what Governor Beaver calls "the dominant leaders," the same as Mr. Delamater will do, and possibly even more, so that if the conditions which bind Mr. Quay so firmly to the latter did not exist, General Hastings might be "named" instead. But since these conditions do exist, and Mr. Delamater insists upon the performance of the programme arranged so long ago as 1885, Mr. Quay, as we have said, intends to make him the Republican candidate for Governor, and such appearances as would lead to a different opinion may be set down as delusive. The appearance of other candidates, here and there, if they are persons subservient to Quay, means no real contest on their part, but merely the securing of delegates by local influence or pride, to be used for Mr. Delamater when they are wanted in the Convention.

This description will no doubt exclude very distinctly Mr. Stone, of Warren. He is running, we believe, on his own merits, and not as a dummy for anybody. He would make, if he could be nominated a good candidate, and if elected,—as doubtless he would be,—his qualifications for the Governorship are such that an honest and able service might be looked for. As State Senator, Lieutenant Governor, and Secretary of the Commonwealth, he has shown himself competent and faithful. This much is due to him, in this connection, because it would be unfair to leave the possible impression that his candidacy is any part of a programme arranged by Mr. Quay in the interest of Mr. Delamater, or any other person, and because we have no wish to impair or disturb the *bona fide* candidacy of any one who manfully appeals to the people and does not prostrate himself before the Boss system.

Of course the procedure by which the State Convention is partly chosen a year ahead of time is a breach in substance of the reform arrangement, adopted in 1882, and intended to prevent the repetition of such scandals as had brought the party to the verge of complete disruption. It was then agreed that the State Conventions should not be called prematurely, nor without due notice, and a year later it was explicitly declared in the platform of the State Convention that the primary elections of delegates ought to be held "on some convenient day not remote from the Convention." It was the understanding of the party, then, that the abuse should cease of choosing the delegates a year in advance, under circumstances which only the political manipulators had a clue to, and where the issues were not presented to the people. But it is a convenient adjunct of the "Spoils" system, and helps to make it more easy for Mr. Quay to "name" the Governor of the State, and Reform has had a backset in Pennsylvania since Mr. Harrison entered the White House, so that the good resolutions of the party in 1882 and 1883 are cheaply held now by "the dominant leaders."

The problem presented this year is, therefore, as we suggested in the beginning of this article, one interesting to all concerned. It will be of interest to see Mr. Quay run his machine, it will be of interest to see it develop Mr. Delamater's nomination, and it will be of even more interest to see whether the people of Pennsylvania have no more virtue, liberty, or independence than to give such a chapter of jobbery their consent and approval.

THE TARIFF SITUATION IN THE HOUSE.

IT is just as well to look the situation in the face. The simple fact is that now is the time to secure such Tariff legislation as the people by their vote of 1888 declared for. The House of Representatives, as well as the Senate, has a definite and adequate Protection majority, and this is the auspicious moment for work. It is gratifying, therefore, to see how intelligently and resolutely the Tariff subject has been taken up,—as well by Mr. Reed in promptly making the committees, and making them well, as by Mr. McKinley and his associates, in beginning their duties without any needless delay. They have set themselves to justify the criticisms they made on the conduct of the majority in the last House by avoiding the bad precedents then set. Instead of concocting a Tariff in secret conclave, and then calling in their friends to ascertain what concessions to the Protective principle were needed to save this or that State to the party in the impending election, they have invited all the interests concerned in the Tariff in either direction to come and have a hearing before representatives of both parties, and to stand the cross-examination required, to bring out the whole truth as to the situation and needs of their respective industries. They have been hearing the friends of Free Trade with the same fairness and patience as the friends of the Protective policy, and leaving the newspapers of the opposition to make all they can out of such testimony, and out of the answers elicited by cross-examination of Protectionists. They are going to move open and above board, because they are satisfied that it is not the friends but the enemies of American industries who have anything to lose by openness. It was by a wise instinct that Mr. Mills decided to adopt the opposite course, and it is by an equally wise instinct that the newspapers which supported Mr. Mills deprecate these hearings as useless and unprofitable.

Perhaps it is due to our lack of information on the subject that we have found the hearings both interesting and instructive, and not least so that on the Glass industry with which the old year closed. The appearance of Mr. Macbeth of Pittsburg before the Committee to argue for the removal of the duties on the raw materials of glass-making, rather spirited up the Free Traders into taking an interest in what was going on, more especially as this gentleman was quite ready to have all duties taken off glass-ware as well. It only required a little closer analysis of Mr. Macbeth's especial business to rob his testimony of its charm. He is a maker only of lamp-chimneys, and as regards nine out of ten of the kind he makes there is no foreign competition at all! The removal of the duties on these kinds would not hurt him, while for any loss he might sustain in the tenth he would be recouped by getting his raw materials free of duty. For, as he frankly admitted, the reduction in price thus effected would be much too small to reach the consumer; it would simply be added to the profits of himself and the traders. At first we were inclined to set Mr. Macbeth down as one of those eccentric manufacturers who are always ready to proclaim what big things they would do under Free Trade. But a closer examination of his own statements shows him to be no ninny, but simply a canny Scot, who understands perfectly the conditions of his own business, and is speaking for himself simply.

The hearing on wool was perhaps the most important that came before the Committee. A petition was presented by the editor of a trade journal in New England, asking for a recast of the duties in the direction of cheaper raw materials for the makers of woolen goods. But even he declined to propose that wool be put upon the Free List, urging that the duties be fixed at twenty per cent. on coarse wools and forty on the finer grades. And when the hearing was drawing to its close, Mr. McKinley asked if there were anyone present to advocate free wool, and met with no response. The testimony of some of the "experts" was directed to prove that it is an extremely delicate and difficult matter to distinguish between the so-called "carpet wool" and those

of a finer grade, and,—as is very well known,—that much of the former, imported at the lower rate of duty, is actually used in the manufacture of clothing. The natural and easy answer to this, as it seems to us, is that the tests of the trade, by which buyers and sellers distinguish a real carpet wool from wools fit to make coarse clothing, are those which the law should direct the custom-house officers to make also. The sorting which one class of intelligent persons can do in the processes of trade, another equally intelligent class ought to do, certainly, in the processes of collecting the Government's duties. It is not pretended by anybody, we believe, that wools fit only to be woven into carpets are produced in this country, or that we could find profit in their production. It is alleged that the diminution of the sheep of the country which has been going on under the Tariff of 1883 is in the kinds which produce coarse wool for clothing, and this is quite possible, simply because there has been a large incoming of bogus "carpet wool," which has been worked up by some manufacturers not into carpets but into cloth.

Perhaps the most difficult question before the Committee is that of the proper protection for American flax, hemp, and the related fibres. The production of these and their manufacture into textiles and cordage is one of the oldest of American industries, as home-made linen was in universal use before the War of 1812, and in Colonial times the production of cordage was one of the few industries especially fostered in the country by the British government. To bribe the colonists into buying British woollens, it was ordered that the ships' supplies and stores of the British navy should be purchased altogether in America. Since the rise of the factory system in this country the growing of flax and the making of linen has lost ground, and in fact we are more dependent upon Europe for this fabric than for any other. Large quantities of flax are grown only for the seed, and the stalks are used for bedding horses. The few firms engaged in making coarse linens urge that it is useless to retain the duty on the raw material, since they have to supply themselves from abroad. But the flax-growers claim that there has not been any really protective duty on either flax, linen-thread, or linens, and that the time has come for a consistent application of the Protective principle to these great industries. There certainly is no reason why we should buy our linen from Europe, when our own natural resources for its production are the amplest in the world. So also of the hemp and cordage industry, whose representatives in Kentucky would have all the stronger case before the country, if they had shown interest enough in the Tariff question to secure the election of Protectionists to Congress.

One Free Trade newspaper charges it as a fault in the Committee that it has not gone into the question of Trusts organized among the protected industries. If the Republicans have been delinquent in this matter why did not its Democratic friends attend to it? One of them did raise the question in the case of the jute-twine manufacture, and learned that the combination to which he objected had been organized under the influence of the fright which attended the presentation of the Mills Bill in the last Congress. But the combination was not a Trust; it was rather of the character of a Pool, such as this very newspaper entered into with its local rivals to put up the price of their Sunday editions. And there is little doubt that any movement toward Free Trade would be extremely fruitful of such combinations.

We look to the Committee and to Congress to give us such a Tariff as the American people decided to have when it elected a Republican President and Congress. That Tariff will not be a retreat from the principle of Protection at any point, but rather an advance to ground not yet occupied in the great work of naturalizing in this country all the industries for which the country and its people have an evident fitness,—and stopping, of course, at that point.

GROWTH OF STATE SOCIALISM.

THOSE who have been observant of public opinion upon industrial and social questions for a score of years, are aware of a great change which has gradually affected all classes. Frederick Harrison, the stout Comtean jurist of London, has recently told the public in the pages of the *Nineteenth Century*, of the revolution of sentiment he could record since, in 1867, he took part in the Trades' Union Commission of Great Britain, undeterred by the prediction that if he went into that sort of thing he would be obliged "to quit the legal profession forever." The transition from the impatient and intolerant spirit of that day towards strikes and labor organizations to the enthusiasm and unanimity with which the great London dock strike was recently supported, evinces the rapidity and completeness with which a mental revolution can be wrought in modern society. A fund of \$200,000 was raised in a few weeks to aid the strikers. Statesmen, peers, bankers, and scholars contributed to it. Skilled workmen turned out to help unskilled laborers. Trades Unions of all sorts made the cause their own. Even landlords remitted their rents and pawnbrokers their percentages to the struggling men. On their behalf religious distinctions were forgotten, and journalism turned in its powerful aid. With extraordinary unanimity all the potent factors of public opinion throughout the civilized world approved the strike and rejoiced in its success. Such a retrospect of but a quarter of a century renders Edward Bellamy's sanguine prognostications that the United States will be converted to coöperate nationalism within a hundred years, a plausible expectation.

Whatever opinion blends communities and states into substantial accord is sure to infiltrate the laws. This may be accomplished in two ways: the legislature may simply remove old restrictions upon freedom of organization, as it has done by the modification or repeal of the labor conspiracy laws; or it may actively provide by positive enactments for the execution of new ideas. It has interfered directly by factory acts, by schemes of arbitration, by incorporation of voluntary organizations, by enforcing a standard of duration for a day's labor, or times and modes for payment of wages. If all the statutes decreed since Peel's time in Great Britain and America, which directly curtail free competition in the labor-market, were brought together and collated, it would be found that no inconsiderable advance has been made in State control of industry.

Positive enactments to abridge competition and alter the distribution of profits constitute State socialism. As yet no civilized country has gone as far upon the road to paternal government as the theories of professed Socialists demand. The highest point yet reached anywhere is the insurance scheme, carried to the statute-book of Germany under the powerful patronage of Prince Bismarck. These laws of compulsory insurance for workmen have been sufficiently made known to the interested public by their recent discussion in periodicals and journals. They apportion, virtually, equal sums derived from taxes, from employers' profits, and from wages to an assurance fund appropriated to alleviate the misfortune or infirmity of industrial workers. The experiment is novel in jurisprudence. The agrarian and corn laws of ancient Rome are not to be compared with it in conception or scope.

As an historical fact, not easily disputed, this German scheme is a direct product of State socialistic theories. Their great expounder, Lassalle, separated from Karl Marx upon the ground that the former would interpose the hand of the State to regulate industry, and the latter labored for the reduction of the State and an International organization of labor. Bismarck's acquaintance with Lassalle and his doctrines, and his friendliness to the reformer, have been often pointed out. Yet it is not to be assumed that the Prince is indebted to the scholar for the details of the national insurance system. Lassalle wished the government to furnish producers with capital and thus to intercept, with its giant credit, the crushing combinations of private investors. This simple revolution would transfer the profits of administration and of new economies to the wage-earner. What is common to the Socialist and the Chancellor, is that the State shall control industry in opposition to the theories of the Internationalists. Simultaneously with the failure of the government to hinder the return of Socialists to the legislature, Bismarck began his counteraction, intending to strengthen the throne by bringing the whole body of laborers into a sort of partnership with it.

So arbitrary and paternal a system can only be enforced by a government practically absolute. The method is not suited to Great Britain or the United States. Yet both these nations have recently taken quiet but long strides towards a somewhat similar plan,—as similar, perhaps, as the habits of people so entirely different would accept. The movement will be found in the history of legislation in regard to the liability of employers. As usual, Parliament was in advance of any American State in point of time. The British statute was passed in 1880, and has twice been extended. The first American State to incorporate the principles

of the English act into a law, was Alabama, in 1885. She was followed the next year by the province of Ontario in Canada, and in the ensuing year, after a careful collection of statistics, Massachusetts enacted the most liberal general law in existence.

There had been much special legislation before these dates, concerned chiefly with mines and railroads. The latter were more striking objects of attention, not that employment upon them was more hazardous, but that they were more widely distributed, and, perhaps, because they were "soulless corporations," with limited liabilities, which is akin to the same thing. Cases of complaints reached the courts in America as early as 1838 in South Carolina, but a decision of Chief Justice Shaw in Massachusetts four years later gave the keynote to Common Law ruling. In that opinion it was held, upon the maxim that every servant must bear the risks incident to his employment even when imposed upon him by the carelessness of a fellow-laborer, that an engineer and a switchman were co-servants of the same master. This doctrine was finally carried in the courts to the extent that a factory-girl and her superintendent were fellow-workmen, and there was no limit to its expansion. Logically William H. Vanderbilt and the digger of a sub-contractor on a railway embankment were joint-servants in the same employment. The great magnates who "damned the public" would not remonstrate against such a judicial rating of their standing, so long as it saved their purses. But when the courts appeared ready to declare scores of thousands employed on a score of branches in one gigantic service on a par in their responsibility for each other's negligence, or rather exempted from all consequences of each other's mischief, it was evident that no such monstrous proposition could long stand. Let not the tribunals be blamed. It was theirs not to make, but to interpret law, even though the interpretation gave new scope to statute and custom. It was the province of the legislature to give them new rules, if their decisions proved inequitable.

It matters not how it came about that this position became untenable. All employers saw the drift and the consequence. To serve a large capitalist or corporation threatened to be an abdication of every right that the law freely accorded to the public, even to the loss of a right to be made reasonably secure from danger. The question came eventually to the form in which the English Trades' Unions put it, that workmen were not seeking damages for injuries but a decent precaution against exposure to risks. Yet the great companies were astute enough not to wait for an avalanche of indignation; yes, let us say they were noble enough not to wait for it. At first the remedy proposed was to make employees sign a contract waiving all their claims at law for damages. But, from the start, legislation denied any validity to such contracts. A poor man could not be forced to sign away his common-law rights, already reduced to a minimum, merely to compete in the labor market for bread. A contract requires consideration, and ordinary days' wages are no consideration for signing off unwarrantable risks. Probably, in all this business, thanks to the tranquilizing influence of Trades Unions becoming more beneficently potent every day to all sorts and conditions of men, there was no disposition on either side than to find an exact basis for justice. Great companies came forward, especially within the last ten years, with schemes of insurance against disability, to which the proprietors should contribute, and these policies were made the consideration for which the servant was to sign away his recourse to the court.

It is not the purpose of this paper to describe the extent of employe's assurance, although it has reached scores of millions of dollars, nor to recommend it, as could readily be done by calculations of cost and improved service. It is enough to know that it has made gigantic strides in Great Britain and America, and let us cautiously whisper, since the famous Liability Act of 1880 passed Parliament.

At present, our chief concern is with the relation of this sort of insurance to the law. Neither English nor Massachusetts law will permit the defence of a contract-waiver of a right to sue for injuries. Both limit the plaintiff as to time and amount of damages. But they depart widely thereafter, although the English Trades Unions have fruitlessly sought to secure to employers even less limited obligations than the Massachusetts statute. By the Massachusetts law the plaintiff workman may collect damages for injuries ranging from \$500 to \$5,000; the last, in case of death, payable to his executors. But the defendants may plead in abatement of damages all the money due and paid upon any scheme of insurance between master and servant. This is precisely what the workmen of Great Britain are asking of Parliament.

The conclusion rapidly follows. The drift of legislation, when backed by so strong a sentiment as has been described, is towards a legislative encouragement of industrial insurance. It is likely to create an increasing recognition on our statute books. What is it but a tardy following of the Bismarckian scheme, with considerable concession towards the mental habits of free suffragists? It is a conjecture, but not a rash one, that twenty years ago such a leg-

islative recognition of labor-protection would have had no hearing in America. It is a conjecture of like gravity, that this sort of legislation will soon be general in our States and in Great Britain. Eventually it will be found not to stand alone, but to draw after it many like expedients.

D. O. KELLOGG.

POETRY IN THE JANUARY MAGAZINES.

WITH very few exceptions, the verses in the leading magazines for this month are inferior to those published during the last quarter of 1889. Mr. Aldrich's "Echo Song" in the *Atlantic*, while graceful and pleasing, is hardly up to the standard to which he has accustomed his readers. Slight in texture and, for him, unusually conventional in treatment, the poem does not seem to have the real Aldrich flavor about it, and might have been written by a much less gifted poet. David W. M. Burn's "Sonnet" is a fine conception rather faultily expressed; if it be faulty expression to allow a preposition or an adverb to begin the continuation of a run-on line in the manner shown in the following extract:

" . . . in one grand,
Supreme attempt to answer the demand
Of Spirit, snapped the chords whereon it leant
Too heavily, save one;"

Here "demand" and "leant" seem at first glance to be the natural endings of the divisions of the sentences in which they occur; and after each of them the reader makes a slight pause only to find that he must go back and read it over again in order to get any music out of it at all. The three consecutive "ings" in the third line of the sestet,—

"The heartstrings thrilling, ringing loud and clear,"

also constitute an unpleasing flaw, while the making the name of The Almighty part and parcel of an abbreviation, thus, "But God's a Master-Player," is certainly not in the best taste. Mr. Burn should study Longfellow's "The Broken Oar," or Hood's "Death," or better than either, Drayton's "A Parting," (which he may conveniently find by turning to Miss Repplier's essay on "English Love Songs,") and discover for himself how much of the rare beauty of these sonnets is due to their freedom from just such blemishes as mar his own. Edith M. Thomas has chosen an excellent form for her fresh, breezy lyric, "Mens Sana," and there is a good, wholesome thought in the poem, despite its somewhat vinous sparkle. After telling how,—

"In the hoary wine-cave's mirk
Genii of the vintage lurk,—
Potent genii shrewd and merry:
Burgundy and laughing Sherry,
Sweet Tokay and Muscatel,
That of flowers do taste and smell
(Fit to pledge with Ariel);"

and how these and other subtle spirits will

" . . . take your brain by sleight,"
" . . . as your fare
Groping from the upper air;"

the singer proceeds as follows:

"Prince, my counsel scan and muse;
In this life of glimmering clues,
Where the wisest oft-times slip,
Fare you not with unwet lip.
Drink you must the potion rife
Of the olden vintage Life;
So shall you be more exempt,
When the juggling genii tempt,
Than the pale recluse whose cell
Harbors many a traitor fell.
Caution shall more peril meet
Than ardor borne on glowing feet.
Fiery spirit safe shall tent
Its own deathless element,
And the poet, mad from birth,
Is the sanest soul on earth!"

"Simplicity is yet the soul of all that time deems worth the sparing," sings Locker, and it is evident that Dr. Holmes is of the same mind, his lines to the eleven ladies who presented him with a silver cup having all his old-time clearness and directness. The Autocrat's admirers will not agree with him, however, when he alludes to himself as,

"one who all too long
Clings to his bough among the groves of song;
Autumn's last leaf, that spreads its faded wing
To greet a second spring."

By the way, there is a pretty bit of prose in Miss Repplier's essay which has unintentionally been given the lilt of a lyric metre. One feels like following up her iambs anent "the nameless girl who held in check Anacreon's wandering heart" with something about dimpled arms about his neck and wine-red lips apart;—especially as the context suggests these images.

Of the poems in the January *Century*, T. T. Munger's "The Undertone" seems to the writer most worthy of consideration. In it the poet sings with a high seriousness a hymn of the "deeper vast within" and its

"one low marvelous voice, as thunder strong,
Divinely clear and sweet as heavenly bells,
That pauses not, nor ever changes tone,
But speaks unto the soul for evermore
Its one eternal prophecy of praise."

We do not like "To the Tsar" nearly so well as some of Mrs. Coates's less ambitious poems,—her "Perdita" for example,—as it seems just the least bit hysterical. There are also other less excusable faults which we shall not stop to enumerate, but which a careful reading will reveal. The nobility of the author's intention, however, and the many strong, ringing lines scattered through the poem, make it noteworthy. Helen Thayer Hutchinson's "A God of the Aztecs" is the only remaining poem that will be likely to attract attention, it being perhaps entitled to a higher place than it would at first seem to deserve.

Scribner's for the current month contains a clever "Old Fashioned Love Song," by H. C. Bunner, a poet whose imitations are always excellent, but who writes so little serious verse that we would have preferred something with more of Bunner and less of the Elizabethans in it. Miss Thomas's "Atonement" is less poetical than her "Mens Sana," and,—though written in practically the same form,—is as different therefrom as night from day. Decidedly the most striking poem in this number is "The Ballad of Tonio Manzi," by Graham R. Tomson, in which we are told how the hero came running breathlessly to the dwellers in an Italian valley to warn them of an impending flood,—how, looking up from their games, they laughed at him, and, when he persisted, locked him in the town prison, and how—

"so quickly came the waters—
They forgot him, *poverino*!

"In the dusty, golden sunlight,
Where the tavern-door stands open,
Blithely goes the game of *morra*—
Eager voices, outflung fingers,
'*Uno—quattro—otto—cinque*!'
And beyond there, in the prison,
Thus it was—like many another—
For his world died Tonio Manzi."

Harper's for January contains no poem calling for especial mention, unless it be Henry Bernard Carpenter's "Non Sine Lacrymis," which contains some imaginative passages. The following stanzas are perhaps the best:

"Plumed with torn cloud, March led the way.
With spear-point keen for thrust,
And eager eyes, and harnessed form swathed gray
With drifts of wind-blown dust.
Round his bruised buckler in bright letters lay
This scroll which toilers trust:
Non sine pulvere.
"Wet as from weltering showers and seas,
April came after him.
He held a cup of saddest imageries
Engraven, and round the rim,
Worn with woe's lip, I spelt out words like these,
Though sorrow-stained and dim:
Non sine lacrymis."

"In two of the three poems in *Lippincott's* the praises of the water lily are sung more or less melodiously by two well-known female poets,—Amélie Rives and Dora Read Goodale. "Blue Water-Lilies" is such a flagrant example of Mrs. Rives-Chanler's most extravagant style that we pass over its rush of verbiage to the far more artistic work of Miss Goodale, whose "Nymphæa" is one of the best things we have seen from her pen:

NYMPHÆA.

The crescent lily, where the dark pool lies,
Lost in far depths, has burst the humid ground
And coil on coil her shining stem unwound,
Till the rare flower is rocked beneath blue skies:
So you, white maid, in stainless splendor rise
From some cold deep and virgin gulf profound,
To leave the crystal world that closed you round,
And draw the strange looks of adoring eyes.
A little while and yonder starry guest
Shall sink once more to sunless tides below,
In those still waters shrined inviolate:
Do thou, like her, when love has bared thy breast,
Bow that bright head, the laughing light forego,
And, in blest silence, learn a woman's fate.

The ship-yards in Delaware are all very busy, and the *Morning News*, Wilmington, says that 23 vessels, sail and steam, are now in course of construction in them. Some of these are of large size; but the larger number are wooden schooners. One yard, that of the Pusey & Jones Co., are building two "knock-down" steamers for Venezuela.

WEEKLY NOTES.

THE death of George H. Boker, (he died at his residence in this city on the 2nd instant, in his 67th year), removes from the intellectual and social activities of Philadelphia a very picturesque figure. Though not an old man, he was the survivor of a past literary eminence. For many years he stood as almost the sole recognized representative of our local culture. Happily he was spared to witness a marked revival in letters, and may thus be said to have bridged over the arid space between the good old days of *Graham's Magazine* and the renaissance of the present time.

Mr. Boker attained distinction in several fields, but while his diplomatic and other public services are not likely to be forgotten, it is safe to predict that he will be remembered chiefly as a poet who occasionally rose nearly to greatness, and as a dramatist of unusual power. His literary work has the disadvantage in the popular sense of being the fruit of study rather than of observation; it is drawn as to theme, thought and method, in large measure from the storehouses of an elder culture; and while this did honor to his scholarship, and claimed for him the regard of other scholars, it has not availed to fix his poems and plays upon the regard of a great circle of readers.

MR. HALL CAINE's novel, "The Deemster," will be remembered as a story of unusual power, and the strong dramatic motive underlying it must have suggested to many a reader the adaptability of the work to stage representation. Mr. Wilson Barrett has acted upon this suggestion, and in his dramatization, produced at the Walnut Street Theatre on Monday evening, under the name of "Ben-my-Chree," has added to his repertory a play of distinctive merit. In so far as the work fulfills the external requirements of the drama, there is little fault to be found with "Ben-my-Chree," and none at all with Mr. Barrett's presentation of the leading rôle. The construction of the play is on the right lines and shows the hand of the practical playwright from curtain to curtain; while in the unfolding of a character such as *Dan Myrlea*, Mr. Barrett has a peculiarly advantageous opportunity for the display of his talents. But this much being said, it remains to be admitted that the play is undoubtedly gloomy in the final impression which it leaves, and therefore is not likely to achieve wide popularity. It is right and necessary that the stage should present all phases of human character, thought, and temperament, and hence not possible that the darker shadows should be banished; but it is desirable that these be so relieved by comedy as to leave an agreeable general effect even while imparting sombre truths. This is not an impossible feat; it has been done before and will be done again; "Ben-my-Chree" does not quite succeed in doing it, and to that extent fails of its full intention.

THE lecture courses for 1890, as announced by the Lecture Association of the University, cannot fail to arrest attention and are likely to add much to the prestige of the city. Mr. Lowell will deliver six lectures in Association Hall, beginning March 3, while Hon. Andrew D. White will give the first of a series of twelve, on January 21st, his subject being that ever prolific one, the French Revolution.

The lectures in the chapel will be delivered by Dr. Brinton and Professors Patterson, Jastrow, Easton, and Cattell, a galaxy of specialists of whom the University may well be proud.

MR. STEAD's new *Review of Reviews*, a periodical whose first number has just appeared in London, with an edition of 50,000 copies, (and to which our London letter, last week, gave attention), is a fresh exemplification of the increasing specialization in all fields of activity. One is sometimes minded to ask where it is all going to end. Life is daily becoming more complex; the subjects pressing for consideration are rapidly multiplying; yet Time remains a constant quantity, and, strive how we may, twenty-four hours continue to be the maximum which can be carried into a day. How long the increased pressure can be met by increased condensation is a vital question which social philosophers will soon be called upon to answer.

It is not quite clear what ground the *Review of Reviews* will seek to cover. If it is a mere eclectic, skimming the cream from the periodical milk-jug, it may do a service to a large section of the reading public. (But then, to be sure, what is the "cream"?) To one reader one class of articles: to another the entirely different ones.) If it is,—as its name seems to imply,—a critical commentary on the contents of the magazines, etc., it will be an interesting experiment in the process known to journalism as "boiling down." Condensation of thought and compression in its utterance appear to make the key to the literary situation.

THE first meeting of the Contemporary Club in the beautiful rooms of the new Art Club house will be held on Tuesday of next week (January 14). Dr. Daniel G. Brinton will deliver an address on Giordano Bruno. It may be set down as certain that the attendance will be large.

DECEMBER, 1889, broke the record as the warmest December known in the experience of Philadelphia. According to the Signal Service Bureau the mean temperature of the month was 43.6 degrees Fahrenheit. In 1881, the month had a mean of 41.7 degrees, and in 1877, 40 degrees, but though December 1848 came pretty close to this, with 43.2, and 1821 with 43.3, no year on record shows quite the warmth of this December.

The explanation is due, not to the disturbance of the Gulf Stream, but the direction of the prevailing winds. Owing to all the principal storms of that and indeed the previous month occurring in high latitudes, the vacua that started winds brought them from the South, instead of the North. As a consequence even New England had a high temperature, and in this latitude flowers were in bloom in many places, and shrubs especially sensitive to the first heats began to put forth their blossoms. An imminent danger of such weather is that it may bring the trees to put forth their leaf-buds as though it were early spring, with the certainty that the coming frosts will destroy them. And this would be not merely a loss of time to the trees, which would then have to begin constructing a fresh series of buds for a late spring, the leaf-substance, which is withdrawn into the stem before what we call the leaf falls in autumn, would be very largely sacrificed by the destruction of a set of buds, and the entire vitality of the tree would suffer. On the whole the best kind of weather for every living thing is seasonable weather,—cold in winter and heat in summer.

THE prevalence of the influenza probably owes something to the mildness of the weather, but also it probably is less fatal in consequence of it. There have been many deaths from it in Vienna, Paris, and New York,—or rather from the typhoid pneumonia which it degenerates into when neglected. Probably the number of deaths would not be one-tenth so many if the patient could be induced to wait in-doors for a day or two after he seems on the way to recovery. As in all malarious diseases, any marked exertion or exposure after the first paroxysm will bring on a second out of due course, and of greater violence than the first. It is this second attack, called a "relapse," which results fatally in fatal cases, nobody really suffering much risk from the first. And it is in places like Paris and New York, where the local susceptibility to pneumonia is greatest, that the proportion of fatal cases is largest.

PARIS.

INTERDICT UPON A BOOK AND A PLAY: A BREEZE AMONG THE ARTISTS.

PARIS, December 27.

TWO incidents are just now interesting the French literary world: one concerns the publication of a book, and the other relates to the prohibition of a piece. A few weeks ago a volume entitled "Sous-Offs," which is an abbreviated form for sub-officers, was published by M. Lucien Descaves, a young writer of the Médan school whose previous works had passed almost unnoticed. Under the form of a romance, M. Descaves makes a violent attack on the non-commissioned officers of the French army. This young officer had spent five years in the military service and had risen to be an orderly sergeant. Although his conduct was irreproachable during all these years, it is evident that he chafed inwardly at the promiscuous company he was obliged to endure, and carefully noted down all the turpitudes that passed before his eyes. Once free, his long pent-up indignation burst forth in the shape of a book that gives a very unfavorable impression of the sub-officers of the French army. Without doubt, some of M. Descaves' descriptions are correct; where he has made a mistake is in judging all the non-commissioned officers by a few examples, for it is not possible that he has known a great many sub-officers outside of the regiment in which he served. His wide generalizations have naturally excited the non-commissioned officers against the young writer, and a certain number of them belonging to the Paris garrison decided to draw lots to see who should challenge the author, and thus avenge the honor of their corps. To avoid a series of duels, the Military Governor of Paris has requested the Minister of War to prosecute M. Descaves for his attack on the army, and the necessary measures have already been taken by the Minister of Justice.

The prospect of this proceeding has shocked a large number of writers belonging to all shades of opinion, from Alphonse Daudet down to George Ohnet. These men of letters have sent a petition

to the government protesting against the prosecution, as being an infringement on the free expression of the printed thought. It is not at all probable that this protest will have any weight with the Minister of War, for M. Descaves' book has been judged as prejudicial to the army, and Frenchmen are practically unanimous in the opinion that if there is any one thing that should be kept above their literary and political quarrels it is the military force of the nation.

The piece that the Minister of Public Instruction has interdicted is by no less an author than M. François Coppée, of the French Academy, and the theatre where the poetic drama was already in rehearsal is no less a temple of art than the Comédie Française. M. Coppée's piece is in one act, and is called *Le Pater*. The scene is laid at Belleville, in May, 1871, that is to say during the most sanguinary week of the Commune. A priest has been shot by the Communists near his house in the presence of his sister. A few moments later one of the Communists, pursued by the Versailles soldiers, enters the priest's dwelling and demands protection from the priest's sister. This woman, who hesitates between her vengeance and her pity, finally gives her brother's cassock to the Communist. When the Versailles officer appears and asks where is the Communist, the priest's sister replies that she knows of no Communist; she declares that she lives alone with her brother, whom she presents at the same time to the Captain. Whereupon, the officer bows and retires.

The subject is a burning one to put upon the French stage, when the passions raised by the civil strife have not yet died out, and it is not surprising that the Minister has put his veto upon the performance. M. Coppée is of course indignant, and has protested in the newspapers against what he calls this "blow at the liberty of art and of thought," believing that after twenty years the Commune belongs to history and that it is permissible for a poet to celebrate one of its episodes in verse. However, the general impression is that M. Fallières has acted wisely in refusing to allow M. Coppée's piece to be played at a theatre which is subsidized by the government. I doubt if it would be allowed elsewhere, except at the Théâtre Libre, which is a sort of private play-house, where only subscribers are admitted, and only one performance of each play given. In fact it is already announced that *Le Pater* is to be performed at this theatre, where M. Lucien Descaves is also to present a dramatized version of his book, under the title of *L'Envers du Galon*.

M. Paul Andral, who died a few days ago, was the depositary of the famous Talleyrand memoirs, about which we have heard so much, but never yet have seen. And the fact seems to be that the world is not likely to read the precious document for a long while to come. Talleyrand, who died in 1838, stipulated in his will that his memoirs should not be published until thirty years at least after his death. When this delay expired, in 1868, M. de Bacourt, a former Secretary of Talleyrand who was then in possession of the manuscript, consulted M. Andral on the propriety of publishing the memoirs, and M. Andral, after reading them, suggested a further delay of twenty years. M. de Bacourt in dying confided the manuscript to M. Andral, leaving him full liberty to publish the memoirs when he saw fit. But in 1888 M. Andral again adjourned the publication and the date fixed for their appearance has not yet transpired. The manuscript of Talleyrand's memoirs will make, according to M. Andral, from twelve to fifteen volumes; the copy is enclosed in sealed cases and deposited in M. Andral's country house at Châteauneuf, near Blois.

M. Edouard Drumont, whose "France Juive" caused such a heated discussion some three years ago is about to publish a new book entitled "The Last Battle." In this work M. Drumont endeavors to write the social history of France at the close of the nineteenth century. This time the author attacks the Jews only incidentally, but exhales his indignation against the moral shortcomings of all his countrymen, and particularly of the bourgeoisie.

The Society of French Artists had a stormy meeting yesterday, and as the foreign artists were the cause of the discussion it may be well to explain the matter. At the Universal Exhibition recently closed 418 foreign artists received honorary recompenses, against 75 French painters. According to the regulations of the Society, all artists, French or foreign, who have received a first-class or a second-class medal at the annual Salon are, by this fact, placed *hors concours*; that is to say, they have a right to send two pictures, which are admitted without examination, and they can only compete for the medal of honor. All artists who have obtained a third-class medal are equally exempt from having their pictures examined by the jury of admission. If this rule were not repealed, these 493 artists added to the 950 already *hors concours*, or exempt, would make a total of 1,443 artists having a right to exhibit at the annual Salon without submitting their work to the jury and each artist being allowed to send two paintings, there would be about three thousand works admitted before the new men could

be considered. In other words more than half the wall space would be at once taken by painters having an acquired right of admission. Consequently, several members of the Artists' Society, M. Bouguereau at the head, wish purely and simply to not recognize the honors accorded at the Universal Exhibition, on the ground that they were given by an international jury not elected by the artists. Other members, including Meissonier, Carolus Duran, Gervex, etc., are in favor of giving the same right to these artists as to those rewarded at the Salon.

After a stormy discussion, the meeting voted by 405 voices against 82 not to admit to the Salon of 1890, as exempt, the works of artists recompensed at the Universal Exhibition. As a result of this vote, Meissonier, Roll, Dalon, Puvis de Chavannes, and most of the artists whose names are known outside of France, retired from the hall and held a meeting elsewhere. These dissenting artists consider that the vote passed by the Society is a "slap" given to the foreign artists who sent their paintings to the Universal Exhibition with the belief that the recompense awarded would have all the value of the honorary distinctions given at former exhibitions. At the present moment the division among the artists is complete, and the Minister of the Fine Arts will probably be obliged to interfere; otherwise the success of the Salon of 1890 will be compromised.

C. W.

THE PRESIDENT AND PENNSYLVANIA REPUBLICANS.

HARRISBURG, January 4.

I FIND, in mingling with Republican politicians of the State, a very general expression of surprise at the manner in which President Harrison has rewarded his opponents and ostracised his former friends. Such expression is by no means confined to those who are in the latter class: it may be heard, often, among the followers of Mr. Quay, who, however they may enjoy the sunshine shed upon them, cannot help remarking that it is vastly more than they had feared they might get when their chief's schemes proved so poorly constructed, at Chicago. After having thought that their political fortunes were completely wrecked, they are the more gratified to find that the Administration has surrendered itself to them.

It does not appear that any former friend of Mr. Harrison,—any one who had helped him to the prominence which the Chicago nomination increased and crowned,—has been treated otherwise, in Pennsylvania, than with neglect and proscription. What Warner Miller has experienced in New York, has been the experience of men in this State, whose labors were for Harrison. You will prefer, no doubt, that I should not allude to the work of THE AMERICAN for several years preceding 1888; but there is not any one who is well informed concerning political affairs who does not recognize your determined advocacy of Mr. Harrison as among the potential influences which raised him from comparative obscurity. This much I hope you will permit me to say. If we come, then, to consider the delegates from Pennsylvania who voted for Harrison at Chicago, the record is very curious. In Pittsburgh his only friends were "Chris." Magee and his colleagues, Flinn, Von Bonnhorst, and others, who defied Quay's pressure, and, at a critical moment in the balloting, supported the Indiana candidate. Mr. Magee has had no consideration from the President. Even when supported by Mr. Dalzell, the Congressman from that district, he could not prevent the appointment of a postmaster who, it is well understood, is to use the places in the post-office to crush out his—Magee's—political influence. If he and his associate delegates had been persistent enemies of Mr. Harrison, they could not have been treated more rigorously.

The case in Lancaster county is similar, and it attracts much attention. The delegates from that county (composing the 10th Congressional district), were two plain, solid business men, who had been chosen unanimously by the different factions of the party, and who were therefore independent enough to decide for themselves whom they preferred as a candidate. On several of the early ballots they voted for Harrison, helping to make for him a body of supporters whose strength was sufficient to break the demand of Mr. Quay for a "unit" vote. Yet the manner in which the Administration has treated these gentlemen is very notable. Whoever else has been considered in Lancaster county, these have not been. Mr. Quay's followers there are well rewarded, but those who were the friends of Mr. Harrison are not even respectfully consulted.

The case of Captain Walters, of Chester county, is still better known. Mr. Quay has apparently prevented him from obtaining the unimportant Federal appointment which he sought, and the President seems to forget that Walters voted for his nomination on every ballot at Chicago, and on the seventh had the boldness to challenge—successfully—Mr. Quay's announcement of the standing of the delegation. Of all those who represented Pennsylvania in that convention none stood up for Harrison more determinedly,

and only one or two, (Captain Johnson, of Media, his colleague from the 6th district, was one, I think), took the same course of voting for him from first to last. Captain Walters is a young man of the highest character, a good education, (he graduated at Lafayette), a clean record, and excellent abilities, and why General Harrison was unwilling to let him have the place he wanted must apparently be explained on the same general principle which seems to have applied to the other cases.

On the other hand, the favor shown to Senator Quay is remarkable. Not even the regard paid by Mr. Arthur to Senator Cameron in 1881-82, (until the disasters of that year gave him a better understanding of the situation), can exceed the power which the President puts in Mr. Quay's hands by means of the appointments. The Pittsburg post-office is one example. The Lancaster county collectorship is another. S. M. Fridy, who has been given this place, was long known as a servile henchman of Quay, and Mr. Cameron, knowing this, still was forced to consent to the appointment. At Chicago Mr. Quay's utmost efforts were directed to the defeat of General Harrison: whoever might win, he wanted above all to see him worsted: and to the last, as those who were in the delegation well know, he exerted every art of persuasion, cajolery, threat, and deception, to prevent the break which was half a dozen times on the point of taking place. So bitter was the feeling with which he inspired his followers that Gilkeson, of the 7th district, now in the Treasury department at Washington, announced during the contest that if they left Sherman he proposed to vote for Judge Gresham,—whose candidacy it was well known, was most resented by the Harrison men. Yet Quay got a place from the President for Gilkeson among the first things he did.

That the State should feel some surprise at this reversal of the ordinary course of human affairs seems to the writer very natural. Was there ever such a case before, in which a President so warmly took up with his enemies, and so coldly set aside his supporters?

* * *

ART.

THE WORKS OF BARYE AND HIS CONTEMPORARIES.

IT is too soon to even try to measure the magnitude of the debt which the civilization,—such as it is,—of this Nineteenth Century owes to France, but we dimly perceive already that the influence which we call Emancipation, whose ideals we are still far enough from realizing certainly, but toward which we are undoubtedly making substantial progress, is mainly her work, and that the torches which have begun to burn in dark places all over the world, not excepting the bonfire that has blazed all these years in America, have been lighted at her lamp. And if the flame has burned luridly at times, and even flared up in perfectly unmanageable fashion now and then, we cannot help it; it is still the living, heavenly flame between whose light and the obscurity of darkness the choice must always lie.

One phase of French revolution which has exerted an influence on modern culture less clouded by error and excess if not purer in its origin or more definite in its results than almost any other, is the artistic influence that centres in the men whose work has been brought together to form the exhibition which is open at this moment in the galleries of the American Art Association in New York.

In the midst of the many discouraging things which it is easy enough to see and to say about the prospects of Art in America, it is certainly something to remember and be proud of that the claim which has been made that this exhibition, or one so fully representative of the masters with whose work it is occupied, could not have been made outside of America, is probably true. That this is so is not only interesting and a subject of congratulation; it is profoundly suggestive as an indication of tendencies, and for the light it throws on the attitude and character of American ideals in art,—ideals which are still unformed, if you please, but which are forming all the same, and not so slowly, it is probable, as most of us are inclined to believe.

Primarily and most conspicuously it is a Barye exhibition, but Millet fairly divides the honors of it with his great contemporary, and in some respects he certainly shows as the greater man. His work has, for example, that precious quality, repose, which Barye's is absolutely without. The restless energy of these animals, human and other, who are tearing at each others' throats, is immensely impressive of course, but so is the immortal patience of Millet's poor toilers, and there is a majesty about this last which the other work lacks, after all. But it is not by comparisons and contrasts that we shall arrive at an understanding of their work, but in noting the qualities which they have in common. And first the directness of their common appeal to the love of natural things. There is nothing, or next to nothing, in the works of either of these men to remind us of those winnowed ideals which constitute, when pure and vigorous, the glory of classic art, and

in their degeneracy, the conventionalisms of the schools. On the contrary, there burns throughout it all a protest against the restraints and limitations, not to say the artificialities, of what the world has learned to accept as the classic in art. For Barye's savage animals and Millet's homely and rather low-spirited delvers have yet one tale to tell in the eloquence of their appeal to the natural man; to the love of what is genuine and honest, not fixed up for occasions or according to formulas, however approved.

Of the other men whose works compose this remarkable exhibition not quite the same thing is to be said, and some other common ground will have to be found for them all to stand upon, if they must have such ground on which to stand.

Masterly and impressive as is the work of Decamps or Delacroix, for example, one cannot see that its impressiveness depends to any marked extent upon the feeling for nature, say rather, reverence for nature, which is so conspicuous in that of Barye and Millet. Decamps is the most of a painter; indeed he and Diaz are the only ones in all this famous company, this mighty "phalanx of 1830," who are really and truly great as painters pure and simple. The others are great by virtue of other and probably nobler qualities, but it only leads to confusion to forget the limitations of the master in admiration for the man, and much as we respect the qualities of heart and mind that made Millet even, the great man that he was, we shall keep our ideas about painting the clearer for admitting frankly that he did a good deal of pretty bad painting.

But Decamps was a painter! If ever a painter revelled in color he did, and his canvases fairly glow with this passion. They seem to me perfection in their indication of the complete absorption of the artist in his art. The subject may be anything, or nothing at all,—some deep tragedy as in "The Suicide," a bit of dark wood or cliff against the sky, the shadowy interior of a butcher's shop, or the veriest child's play about cats, and rabbits, and weasels,—it is the mere doing of it in which the painter exults and for which alone he seems to live. It is not love of nature, not imagination, not poetry, which dominates these works, it is passion for the art of painting, the mastery of a man by his craft. In a somewhat modified, if not lessened, sense, the same thing is true of Diaz. It is not so much the forest that he loves as the cool depth and gloom that can be painted; and with his figures it is just the same. The qualities which distinguish them are not at all those which impress us in real people; they are always painters' people, nobody cares who or what they are, or what they are doing there. They have no human or dramatic interest whatever, and strictly speaking are not persons at all, they are luminous shadows and masses of glowing color, panting with beauty, delicious to the senses as perfumes and music are, not actors in either the tragedy or the comedy of existence. They have no tale to tell, no lesson to enforce, except, indeed, that old one of doubtful soundness at most times, it must be confessed, but which has its seasons when it is true, and helpful, too. The lesson which Keats has stated with most confidence, and in the best and simplest form:

"Beauty is truth, truth beauty, that is all
Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know."

Of the three who paint what they find in nature, who draw their inspiration from her, and whose art is therefore a means of interpreting her appeal rather than a consummation in itself to which all natural suggestion is only tributary, Daubigny is the strongest man; his mastery of his art is the most confident and secure; his touch is the finest, and the chords he strikes in us are the deepest. On the other hand Rousseau's pictures are vastly truer to nature in her ordinary aspects, and Corot is the poet in whose eyes she is transformed, and in whose ears she has whispered the secrets of her greatest charms.

Corot stands out from the rest of the company in this: that while their work is almost without exception tragic in its seriousness, his is almost always cheery and even playful, filled with diffused light and radiant, when the stock of realities is exhausted, with happy fancies which carry out and emphasize to an extent that the dull facts of appearance can hardly be made to do, the delight which the painter experienced in the presence of natural beauty. He is easily first among the painters of fairy land; indeed it may almost be said that about the only reservation to be made in praising his pictures, is that he seems to have painted little else. But this is because every spot became enchanted ground when he set up his easel there, and why should we quarrel with him for not trying to paint everything!

His range is limited it is true. He paints the morning and the evening; the cool fresh light that comes before the sun and the glory in which the world swims for a moment after it has set. With the glare of mid-day he has nothing to do, and he does not seem to have felt it incumbent on him to deal with any great variety of subjects, but only to do well the things which he was impelled to undertake. His name and his example are identified therefore with a class of impressions, limited, indeed, but distinct and ex-

quisitely beautiful, and on his own ground he has certainly no peer. He has made his own those phases of landscape effect and those times of day in which the light is so uncertain and the forms of things so vague that the fancy has nothing to restrain it, and so turns the solidest of realities into floating fantasies, and peoples every inviting spot with its own delightful creations. We are accustomed to regard the times and the company to which he belongs as revolutionary, and so they were, but in Corot's case at least the protest was gentleness itself, and the wildest struggle is a peaceful dream.

But Theodore Rousseau is the real master of landscape as it appeals to the modern mind, helped out by no fancies,—no painted ones at least,—and depending upon no traditions or associations. What lives in his pictures is the calm beauty of actual scenes, the restful stretching into infinite distance of smiling fields and quiet woods. Nobody, I think, ever painted a tree better than he; possibly not quite so well as far as fidelity to his model is concerned. In Rousseau's pictures the trees are, not chosen for any astonishing qualities; there is nothing striking or wonderful about them. They are not weird and fanciful shapes; they are not even picturesque; it is quite enough that they are trees. And quite the same thing is true of the surface of the ground. It seems to me that the soft and tufted surface of grassy ground has never been studied so closely and rendered so faithfully as it is in his works. And yet he is by no means a mere realist in the sense that his work consists in unthinking and unselecting portraiture of whatever offered. No landscapes,—not even Turner's most glowing and imaginative canvases,—are more truly glorified by their treatment than his; only it is the glory of the truth, the glow of a light that really is on sea and land on certain favored and memorable afternoons.

What Rousseau has done for the field Troyon has done for the flock. Millet has extracted infinite pathos from the sight of the farm yard, from the cow and the sheep, as well as from those who care for them, but Troyon has painted them both with more truth as well as in a more cheerful spirit. His landscapes are breezy and strong, as his cattle are full of life and health; and so of the peasants of Jules Dupre: they are sturdy but hardy toilers, claiming rather honor than pity.

I am afraid Gericault and Delacroix stand, both of them, for the exaggerations of revolutionary romanticism, rather than for any enduring influence on succeeding standards in art, and it is unfortunate for both that they are represented in the present exhibition almost exclusively by pictures whose subjects invite comparison with the work of Barye, studies either of violent action or of savage animals, for it is in both of these that Barye surpasses all his fellows. Not only are his bronzes supreme in their expression of essentially savage character, but his paintings, of which there are a good many in the exhibition, are not less admirable for the same quality,—so admirable in fact that even the painted lions of Delacroix show most unfavorably in comparison with them.

I cannot regard it as an especially noble form of art, this dwelling forever on the force and ferocity of these great brutes. But whatever degree of artistic importance may attach to his choice of subject there need be no hesitancy in according to Barye the very first place among the masters who have treated this theme, which he has easily made his own. So true is this that it is doubtful whether it would be possible for another man to make any distinct impression in connection with a similar class of subjects without inviting comparison with Barye's work, or, worse still for the other artist, without our tracing in him the influence of Barye's example or the reflection of his inspiration.

The claim that has been made that he is equally great in other departments of sculpture as in delineating the character of wild animals, seems to me a mistake; one which it is easy to make, and which is usually made in the zeal which attends the recognition of conspicuous merit, however special or limited in its range it may be. But there is really nothing especially remarkable in his sculpture of the human figure, or even of the horse, and to rest his claim to distinction on the excellence of his work in this direction is really to weaken it.

Another claim that it is quite the fashion to make for him, but which is, I am sure, equally a mistaken one, is the essential greatness or grandeur of his figures, notwithstanding the diminutive scale on which circumstances obliged him to execute them. It is quite true that his single figures and simpler groups of animals are so dignified and even majestic in their simple fidelity to the character of the creatures represented, that they would hardly suffer by any enlargement of their scale; but this is by no means true of the more complicated groups, in which the action is almost always excessively violent and the effect sometimes confused.

The truth is,—at least this is the way it seems to me,—Barye's genius is identified with the delineation of character in animals especially those whose natures have been influenced least by contact with human influence. Before Barye, animals usually assumed

a more or less human character when they came to be represented in art, and the qualities which were respected in them were rather reflections and imitations of human characteristics than genuine attributes of animal nature.

Barye has changed all that, not so much by any realistic treatment of his subjects as the term is usually understood, as by the change in the point of view from which the conventionalism is made. Strictly speaking no modern sculptor is so frankly and boldly conventional as Barye in his treatment of the external appearance of his animal, and it is this quality more than any other which invites the comparison so often made between his work and that of the ancient Assyrians. Compare his lion in the Tuileries garden with one of Landseer's in Trafalgar square for example: outwardly, that is, as far as mere "handling" is concerned, Barye's is infinitely the more conventional of the two, but the conventions are seen to be based upon a study of leonine characteristics instead of handing along the pleasing and thoroughly respectable types of embodied magnanimity and other presumably royal properties that have done excellent duty so long.

On the whole, I think it is the force of this appeal for natural things, whether aspects or emotions, that constitutes the common glory of these romanticists who differ so much in methods; and if modern art seems to be drifting away from their example in many ways it is at least moving in obedience to impulses received from them.

L. W. MILLER.

REVIEWS.

SUPERNATURAL REVELATION: An Essay Concerning the Basis of the Christian Faith. By C. M. Mead, lately Professor in Andover Theological Seminary. New York: Anson D. F. Randolph & Co.

PROF. MEAD was the lecturer for 1889 in the Stone Foundation in Princeton Seminary. As the number of lectures is limited, he was not able to deliver his views on the subject of Revelation with the fullness with which he here prints them; but he very wisely resolved not to stint himself in that respect. His book is the ablest discussion of the subject that we know of in the range of American theology. The fourth part of Prof. Ladd's great work "The Doctrine of Sacred Scripture," comes the nearest to it in scope and in merit. But we think Prof. Mead has more than equalled his friend Prof. Ladd, for whom he expresses great regard.

The subject is one of those which modern speculation and investigation combine to put into new lights and to bring to a reconsideration positions already taken. Dean Mansell's "Limits of Religious Thought" and the replies it elicited from Frederick Maurice, Goldwin Smith, C. P. Chretien, and John Young, may be said to have reopened the whole question just thirty years ago. The subsequent English and Scotch controversies over "Essays and Reviews," Colenso on the Pentateuch, "Ecce Homo," and Prof. Robertson Smith's acceptance of Wellhausen's theory as to the origin of the Pentateuch, have all turned more or less on this question. And while in America other issues have come more easily to the front, the discussions associated with the names of Profs. Briggs, Ladd, and Harper indicate a growing interest in the problem.

The subject is approachable from two sides. The speculative question is whether God may be expected to reveal himself to men otherwise than in creation and providence; and if so, what kind of revelation is consistent with his wisdom and goodness? The other is, assuming the Bible to be in any sense the record of such a revelation, what does it claim to be in point of its authority and its freedom from error, and how far does this claim correspond to the facts? It was on the former line of discussion that the earlier theologians most commonly moved. They made up their minds as to what the Bible ought to contain, and then they set themselves to make the facts fit the theory. The later theologians generally pursue the inductive method. They take the Bible as it is, and try to derive from the examination of its contents an idea of the kind of revelation of his own nature and his will God has made to men. And this method certainly has the merit of being more really reverent than was the older, while it appears less so.

Prof. Mead accepts both methods in the investigation. He begins by vindicating the theistic beliefs which underlie every theory of revelation, showing that these beliefs first reach us by social tradition, and then approve themselves through our personal knowledge of the native instincts of the mind, of the evil consequences which must result from denial, and from actual contact with the contents of revelation. Such a revelation he holds to have existed among mankind from the beginning of the race, and he rejects the theory that men came by slow evolution of the moral consciousness to the first true knowledge of God. Coming to consider the Christian revelation he finds it to have been given

under distinct historic limitations of time and place, especially centred in the person of Jesus Christ, and associated with supernatural signs called miracles. These are the three fighting lines of the discussion, and Prof. Mead gives 140 pages to meeting the difficulties and objections which they raise in men's minds. In the main his position is the conservative one, but he handles the documentary evidence with a freedom which belongs to the new age. Thus he would un-Church nobody for believing that Jesus was the son of Joseph as well as of Mary, in spite of the statements of Matthew and Luke to the contrary, although he thinks those statements in keeping with the whole story. So of the cursing of the swine, the blasting of the fig-tree, and the rising of the dead saints after the crucifixion. Belief in these details he refuses to identify with the faith of a Christian.

In the next chapter, on the relation of Christianity to Judaism, Prof. Mead writes in a way still more likely to shock conservatives. He rejects as unwarranted many of the ordinary applications of Old Testament sayings to the life of Christ, rejects *in toto* the old-fashioned conceptions of prophet and prophecy, declares that the message of the prophet was for his own time and its people first of all, and denies that Christ's mission can be proven from an exact fulfillment in him of the Messianic passages of the Old Testament. Similarly he rejects as unwarranted the use made of Christ's reference to Old Testament books and the events they record, as stamping authoritative approval on the Jewish canon of the Scriptures.

Coming to the difficult question of the nature of inspiration, Prof. Mead does not draw an arbitrary line between this and the work of God's Spirit in enlightening the mind of the church, although, unlike Prof. Ladd, he thinks there is a difference, since the consciousness of the Church generally seems to have recognized one, and this with warrant from Christ and his Apostles. Equally careful and discriminating is his discussion of the authority of the Bible, and of some of the negative results reached by the younger critics. Prof. Mead has no sympathy with Prof. Robertson Smith, but he is more outraged by the theory that Deuteronomy and even the Levitical legislation are the product of pious fraud, than by the mere denial of the Mosaic authorship of the Pentateuch. He is equally ready to discuss the authorship of any part of the New Testament, but he declines to believe that most of the apostolic Epistles and the fourth Gospel were the work of people base enough to palm off their own lucubrations on the Church, as being of apostolic origin.

STANDISH OF STANDISH. A Story of the Pilgrims. By Jane G. Austin. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

Longfellow, in his "Courtship of Miles Standish," not only made use,—with the utmost cleverness,—of the salient points of the love-episode of the "Captain of Plymouth," but with an irresistible humor showed us his whole character, his choleric even if generous temper,—"a little chimney heated hot in a moment," as it is described; his bravery, his capacity for leadership,—all the powers indeed which made him the strong right arm of the otherwise frail colony. But although all this has been so well set forth, it is quite fitting that the historical romancer should tell the story over again, and Mrs. Austin has brought to her task a concentration of purpose and freshness of treatment which make new and real what might have been expected to prove tediously familiar. All the winnowing winds of heaven have been set at work for the last half century by genealogists, antiquarians, archæologists, and historians, upon the accumulations of family, state and town records of Pilgrims and Puritans, and that any good grain is found after so much chaff has been scattered world-wide gives evidence of the faithfulness of the fresh search.

And faithfulness and sincerity are indeed the attributes of the romance before us. No lighter touch, no less sympathetic treatment could have clearly depicted the hopeless dreariness of the first experiences of the passengers of the *Mayflower*, when they found themselves in this inhospitable region. The miracle is always fresh that the little band could have survived the cruel sufferings, the nameless terrors, and the carking anxieties which beset them. Mrs. Austin has fully conceived her subject and has treated it in a way to make each sketch and detail help the effect of the whole. Although Miles Standish is her hero, he holds his position without unduly subordinating the other characters, each of whom has a clear individuality. The immortal Priscilla, with her prim little Puritan coquetties, her clear self-knowledge, and her swift feminine instinct which probes Captain Standish's messenger with the home-thrust "Why don't thee speak for thyself, John?" is as ever a charming figure. We cannot but think, however, that the author's favorite and actual heroine is Mistress Barbara Standish, who comes on at her kinsman's bidding, in order to become the wife of some good man of the colony, and completes the destiny of the redoubtable captain of Plymouth himself.

In fact the author of "A Nameless Nobleman" has, we con-

sider, surpassed her first work in this story of Miles Standish, "The-Sword-of-the-White-Man, the hero, who, not from gain, not from necessity, not even from religious zeal, but purely in the knightly fervor of his blood, forsook home and heritage and glory and ambition, to be the Great-Heart of the little band of exiles."

FAMILIAR TALKS ON ASTRONOMY, with Chapters on Geography and Navigation. By William Harwar Parker. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. 1889.

Captain Parker is a veteran naval officer, whose many years of experience have well qualified him to give a correct view of the object and utility of astronomical studies, without wearying his readers with the mathematical details essential in scientific textbooks. His "Familiar Talks," already frequently delivered as lectures in class-rooms, convey in a pleasant, though perhaps too colloquial form, an abundance of instruction as to the sun, moon, and stars. Incidentally they discuss Shakespeare's knowledge of astronomy, and point out the poet Thomson's mistake in "The Seasons," when he makes "Sweet Venus" shine all night. In treating of "standard time" Captain Parker gives his opinion that "we have made a mistake in adopting this rule, for the reason that we are legislating against a natural law," and "confusing a subject already sufficiently complicated." In another place he notes that when a steamer leaves Liverpool on Monday at noon and arrives at New York on the following Monday at noon (local time), her actual running time exceeds seven days by 4 hours and 44 minutes on account of the difference in longitude. Sailing westward, or from the sun, her days are made longer than twenty-four hours. When the voyage is in the opposite direction, this difference of time must be subtracted. One of Captain Parker's most interesting discussions is on the first voyage of Columbus, to whom, after dwelling on the imperfect knowledge and instruments of the navigators of that day, he awards "the credit of being the boldest seamen that ever sailed the salt ocean." Some pages of definitions of terms and a sufficient index add to the value of the book.

PORTRAITS OF FRIENDS. By John Campbell Shairp. With a Sketch of Principal Shairp by William Young Sellars. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1889.

John Campbell Shairp, whose studies in poetry and philosophy are steadily becoming better known in the United States, was a noble type of a Scotchman. After receiving the best scholastic training of his native land, he enjoyed the higher culture of the English universities some fifty years ago. He lived to repay to both countries the obligation incurred, being for nearly twenty years principal of the oldest university in Scotland, and for part of that time also professor of poetry at Oxford. Throughout life he was the intimate friend of many Scotchmen and Englishmen whose bond of union was an intense appreciation of the highest intellectual and spiritual thought of both lands. In this little volume are gathered from various biographies some of his tributes to the memory of those friends who had passed before him into the unseen. Among these were Thomas Erskine of Linlathen, Dr. Norman Macleod, Bishop Cotton of Calcutta, Dr. John Brown, the tender-hearted author of "Rab and his Friends," and Arthur Hugh Clough, snatched hence by untimely fate before he had accomplished the work and won the fame to which his genius seemed predestined. Portraits of such friends, some briefly sketched, others given more in detail, yet all drawn with loving insight and tender sympathy, will attract thoughtful regard. While the author's attractive character is clearly revealed in these records of friendship, a fuller sketch of his career and personality, by his comrade of later years, Prof. W. Y. Sellars, is appropriately prefixed.

THE NEW PRIEST IN CONCEPTION BAY. By Robert Lowell. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

This book, when it first appeared some years ago, attracted many readers of the more thoughtful sort, who found in its story and delineation of character not only force and earnestness, but a rare quality of beauty. The author, Mr. Lowell, possessed every advantage in writing about the people of Newfoundland. He was appointed to the charge of Bay Roberts in 1843, (Peterport in this novel), and while carrying on that mission he was obliged to undergo all the privations and anxieties that a severe famine in the island entailed upon all the inhabitants. His heroic motives and his scientific knowledge both had a free field, and earned him heartfelt gratitude from government and people, but his own health suffered for long after. Many of the characters and incidents of "The New Priest" are supposed to have been drawn from life. They are at any rate true to humanity and to the spirit of an isolated existence in which the very deprivations seem to intensify the grasp of the homely single men and women upon the loves, hates, and beliefs they possess.

Whether the average reader will care about the religious, or rather sectarian discussions which abound in the book, we do not undertake to say, but Mr. Elnathan Bangs is a character quite inimitably touched off, and well worth study,—suggesting some of the happiest aspects of Mr. Hosea Biglow, the masterpiece of our present author's brother.

BRIEFER NOTICES.

THE present whirl of philosophic speculation has largely unsettled religious belief. Whatever anyone's training or creed has been he finds himself almost irresistibly compelled to examine anew the foundations of his faith. "Without are fightings, within are fears." Amid this agitation rise the voices of religious leaders calling disturbed souls this way or that for peace and safety. To this end Mr. George Leonard Chaney's little volume, "Belief," sets forth "the conservative purpose and influence of Radical Christianity." It consists of eight brief papers treating of such large subjects as Man, God, Hell, Heaven, The Church. These fundamental themes are discussed in an earnest, large-minded way, without shirking the difficulties which attend their consideration. The author aims to give positive answers to the questions which now press upon inquirers. The conclusions will not satisfy all, but their clear thought and hopeful tone will prove beneficial even to those who demand a fuller creed. (Boston: Roberts Brothers.)

Two charming little 16mo. volumes in good binding, with gilt tops, to be sold for only one dollar, are made by A. C. McClurg & Co., from works that are classic, and that have passed finally the tribunal of the world's taste. One of these is Dr. Johnson's "Rasselas," and the other Laboulaye's "Abdallah; or, The Four Leaved Clover." Both these, as the publishers have declared in a neat stamp on the covers, are "laurel crowned tales." Dr. Johnson's is now more than a century and a quarter old, and has always been one of the delights of English literature. The other story is excellent company for it, in all particulars, even the scene of the tale, in the Eastern lands, being the same. M. Laboulaye has told us how much labor he bestowed upon it. "This little volume," he says, "cost me more than a year's study. There is not a detail in it that is not borrowed from some narrative of Eastern travel, and I read the Koran through twice (a wearisome task) in order to extract therefrom a morality that might put Christians to the blush, though practiced by Arabs." The translation here used was made by Miss Mary L. Booth, for so long the editor of *Harper's Bazar*, and it admirably preserves the wit and sense of the original.

Mr. David McKay, (23 S. Ninth street, Philadelphia), the publisher in recent years of Whitman's works, has issued a little volume with a pretty cover, of "Gems from Walt Whitman," selected by Elizabeth Porter Gould, of Chelsea, Mass. She prefixes to her selections a practical inscription of the volume to the poet, and also a sketch of his life. At the close she has added a prose sketch, "Walt Whitman Among the Soldiers." Her selections are from the volume "Leaves of Grass," and occupy forty pages. They include many of the most characteristic things Whitman has written, and we cannot even turn the leaves casually without seeing everywhere passages that command attention,—if not for their rhyme, then for their philosophy. As this:

"I have no mockings or arguments, I witness and wait,"

or this:

"I do not call one greater and one smaller,
That which fills its period and place is equal to any."

AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS.

IT is announced that Mr. Andrew Carnegie has offered to give the money necessary to rebuild the Johnstown Public Library.

It is a gratifying statement from Paris that the old co-workers, Erckmann and Chatrian, have become reconciled, and that they have an important literary enterprise in view.

Walter Besant has undertaken a life of Captain Cook, and Archibald Forbes one of Sir Henry Havelock for Macmillan's "English Men of Action."

T. Y. Crowell & Co. have nearly ready a translation by Mr. N. H. Dole of Valdes' latest novel, "*La Hermann San Sulpicio*."

Dr. Bernays, a very popular professor in the University of Munich, and said to be the most celebrated expounder of Goethe in Germany, has resigned his chair.

The Memorial Fund on behalf of the widow of Mr. Proctor, the astronomer, makes satisfactory progress. The sale of the copyrights realized £2,000.

Count Tolstoi's new novel, to which we have already made some reference, depicts a family tragedy—the murder of a woman by her husband. It is said that the eminent writer's treatment of the problems of education, love, and conjugal life has made a profound impression upon those who have seen the manuscript.

Mr. E. A. Arnold, a grandson of the famous Rugby doctor, is to open a publishing and importing house in London. He was for some time with Bentley & Sons, and is the editor of *Murray's Magazine*.

Dodd, Mead & Co. announce that they will hereafter publish James Schouler's "History of the United States," heretofore published by W. H. Morrison, of Washington.

Dr. Schliemann has commenced a new book on archæology, which it is believed will be the most important of all his works.

The new letters of Lord Chesterfield have made a hit in England, the whole of the first edition having been sold on the day of publication. The collection has been admirably edited by Lord Carnarvon, whose memoir of Lord Chesterfield is very interesting. It is a mere chance that these letters were not given to the world fifty years ago, when Mr. Charles Greville searched the archives at Bretby with the express object of discovering the private correspondence of Lord Chesterfield; but all these manuscripts were then (and for a long time afterwards) hidden away in a locked-up cupboard. Mr. Greville found only a number of volumes containing Lord Chesterfield's despatches when he was Minister at the Hague.

Charles Lever's works are at present, as we hear, greatly in demand by English collectors. A complete set of first editions of the novels is worth considerably over a hundred pounds. But this may be only a "fad" of the moment. His son, also named Charles, has just died at Dublin, where he was a prominent electrician.

Henry Frowde of the Oxford University Press, has produced a remarkable novelty in "The Finger Prayer-Book," the name being derived from its diminutive proportions. It is 1 inch broad, $3\frac{1}{4}$ inches long, and $\frac{1}{4}$ of an inch in thickness. Into this incredibly small space is compressed the entire unabridged prayer-book, including calendar and occasional services. The excellent qualities of the Oxford India paper make the brilliantly printed diamond type a triumph of typographic skill. To fold evenly such tiny pages, to sew and finish these perfectly bound little books must have needed an almost fairy-like delicacy of touch.

A very fine bronze bust of Carlyle, and regarded as an excellent likeness, has been placed in the Corporation Gallery, Glasgow.

These are the ages of some of the most popular of contemporary authors: F. Marion Crawford is 35, Robert Louis Stevenson 39, W. D. Howells 52, Bret Harte 49, Julian Hawthorne 43, Walter Besant 51, Thomas Bailey Aldrich 53, William Black 48, Joel Chandler Harris 41, George W. Cable 44, Frank R. Stockton 55, Thomas Nelson Page 36.

Prof. Blackie's some-time announced new work, "Essays on Subjects of Moral and Social Interest," is now in the press. One of the most important of the papers deals with "Scottish Nationality."

Dr. W. H. ("Bull Run") Russell, who accompanied Colonel North to Chili, has commenced his book descriptive of that expedition. It is to be illustrated by Melton Prior, and produced in very superior style.

A prize given by Madame Jules Favre, in memory of her husband (who negotiated with Prince Bismarck the surrender of Paris), for the best literary work written by a woman, was lately adjudged to Madame Marie Dronsart for her "Portraits from over the Channel," being sketches of English life.

The enterprising Cincinnati publishing house of Robert Clarke & Co. makes several interesting announcements. Among these are "Fort Ancient," an account of the great prehistoric earthwork of Warren Co., Ohio, by Warren K. Moorhead of the Smithsonian Institution, and "A History of the Girtys," the curious record of certain "renegades" of the American revolution, by Willshire Butterfield. The "Monographs of the Kentucky Geological Survey," John R. Procter, Director, announced by Messrs. Clarke, also have importance.

Mr. C. H. Crandall is preparing a representative "Collection of Sonnets by American Poets."

"Fontainebleau," a series of scenes in the famous palace, by T. Haynes Williams, with an introduction and notes by Frederick Wedmore, is announced as forthcoming by Scribner & Welford.

Professor Archibald Alexander's "Theory of Conduct," which has been delayed by the author's residence in Berlin, will be published by Messrs. Scribner this month.

Messrs. Cassell & Co. will publish this month "Orations and After Dinner Speeches of Chauncey M. Depew."

A new edition of Thomas A. Janvier's ever popular "Mexican Guide" is about going to press.

Miss Olive Schreiner, the author of "The Story of an African Farm," writes to a Boston publisher that she has not yet completed her second novel, the newspaper report that the work was already in the hands of printers being untrue. When the work is completed Miss Schreiner intends to have it published simultaneously here and in England.

Mr. T. S. Perry, a grandson of Commodore Perry, is in Europe busy on his "History of Greek Literature."

P. Blakiston, Son & Co., Philadelphia, announce that they will publish this month a book on "Massage and the Swedish Movement" by Kurre W. Ostrom from the Royal University of Upsala, Sweden, and now Instructor at the Hospital of the University of Pennsylvania, illustrated by a number of good engravings drawn expressly for this purpose.

Estes & Lauriat announce an *édition de luxe* of the novels of Dickens.

D. Appleton & Co. have nearly ready an important work, "Around and About South America," by Frank Vincent, with maps, plans, and many full-page illustrations.

One current press paragraph says that Queen Victoria has arranged with Sir Theodore Martin to go to work on a further volume of extracts from her journals, and another statement is to the effect that her majesty has no such intention. Anxious inquirers may take their choice.

George Virtue, Toronto, will issue about February 1st, the "Life and Times of General John Graves Simcoe," the first Governor of Upper Canada, by D. B. Read. It contains a very full account of the military achievements of Governor Simcoe while in command of the "Queen's Rangers" during the Revolutionary War. That body of "Loyalists" took a prominent part in the campaigns of 1777-9, and on down to the surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown, and after the war was concluded many of the Rangers betook themselves to Upper Canada, and formed the nucleus of the early settlement there.

SCIENCE NOTES.

THE Monthly Weather Review of the Franklin Institute shows that the mean temperature in this State for the month of November was from 2° to 3° above the normal. The prevailing winds were from the west, and the weather for the whole month may be characterized as warm and wet, with an unusual number of cloudy and unpleasant days. The average precipitation was 6.72 inches, which is double the usual quantity for November.

The U. S. Signal Service Bureau reports that observations made last month make the mean temperature for that month about 42.5°, an excess of 10° over the average. This excess, however, is lessened by the averages of the Southern and Western States, those of the Eastern States being much higher. In New York the excess of temperature for December was 12°; Washington 14°; Chicago 16°, etc. The general average of precipitation for December seems to have been below the average for that month, and in this region it was very deficient, the amount reported at Philadelphia being but 0.95 inches, against a mean of 2.63.

Lieutenant Greely explains the excess of temperature and shortage of rainfall, by showing that in December no less than 13 storms of varying strength crossed the continent from west to east north of the 40th parallel of latitude; and that four of these were north of the Great Lakes. The passage of these storms towards the Gulf of St. Lawrence has given rise to a steady current of air from the west and southwest towards the areas of disturbance in Canada. These general winds being from parts of the country least affected by rainfall, they have been both warm and dry, thus causing the effects above noted. The observations of the storm of December 14 give confirmation to this theory in a negative way. This storm started from Lake Erie, passed across northern New Jersey and thence out over the sea. On the same day the temperature in New York and Washington fell to about the average, the presumption being that colder air from the north was induced by the passage of the storm.

The American Association of Anatomists held a very successful meeting in their second annual session, a fortnight ago, in Biological Hall at the University of Pennsylvania. The introductory address by the President, Dr. Leidy, referred to the objects of the Association and the scientific value of Comparative Anatomy; Dr. Harrison Allen, for the Executive Committee, gave a sketch of the history of the Association since its formation a year ago, at the

time of the session of the Medical Congress at Washington. Some fifteen of the papers prepared were read, and specimens were presented by Dr. Leidy, Dr. Mills, Dr. Harger, and others. Dr. T. B. Stowell, of the State Normal School at Potsdam, N. Y., drew special attention to the wonderful agreement between the feline and the human structures, saying that in many respects the cat is a miniature man, and that therefore the study of the anatomy of the cat was important. Dr. Leidy, in commenting on the paper, said that for years he had recommended the study of the cat as an introduction to the study of human anatomy.

The *Journal* of the Franklin Institute for this month prints a short memoir of Cyprien Chabot, a recently deceased member of the institution, an ex-manager and an efficient member of the important committee on Science and the Arts. He was a man of considerable inventive ability, his inventions in fire-arms, sewing-machines, and shoe and brick manufacture being of great value. His diamond-turning tools are said to be the best known, and his machines for making watch-cases have made a revolution in the trade. He had been presented with several medals by the Institute.

A plaster copy of the Canopus stone, found by Lepsius in 1866 near Damietta, at the mouth of the Nile, has been presented to the museum of Lehigh University by the Smithsonian Institution. The stone dates from 238 B. C., the ninth year of Ptolemy III., and has a triple inscription (in hieroglyphics, demotic or common Egyptian character, and Greek) containing a decree of the king concerning the ceremonies which are to be observed in commemoration of the lamented death of the Princess Berenike. The decree also throws considerable light on the subject of rituals, the "protected animals," the rank of priests, etc. Prof. Henry Coppée thinks the stone will divide the honors with the Rosetta stone.

The Open Court Publishing Company have brought out a translation of M. Charles Binet's "Psychic Life of Micro-Organisms." M. Binet's work in Psychology, especially in animal magnetism, has long attracted attention, (and has received consideration in *THE AMERICAN*). The conclusions reached in the present study are in accord with M. Binet's previous views as to the nature of mind namely, that it is an aggregate of properties which exclusively pertain to living matter, psychological phenomena being observed among the very lowest classes of beings. Prof. Romanes and Prof. Richet have both contested this view, assigning the first appearance of the mental faculty to different periods in zoological development, and holding that the alleged exhibitions of consciousness in *protozoa* are mere exhibitions of protoplasmic reflex action.

The latest number of the *American Naturalist* (for August, 1889), contains a continuation of the catalogue and history of garden vegetables, by E. L. Sturtevant. In this issue the lima bean, lovage (used almost entirely in the manufacture of confectionery), mallows, mangold, (beet), martynia, melon, mint, mugwort, and mustard are described and enumerated by species. Of the lima bean there are six varieties known to the writer, all being of ancient occurrence and none being originations under culture in later times. The melon also has an ancient date, its occurrence in Campania being mentioned by Pliny, and its medicinal properties being described by Galen. Melons were found in America by the followers of Columbus, and from that time there is frequent mention of them by travelers. At the present time the number of varieties is indefinitely extended.

The same magazine contains a short paper consisting of notes on the appearance of polled (or hornless) cattle, etc., in America. The author finds the occurrence of these cattle common in all directions and in all classes. The investigation is interesting as exhibiting the tendency towards throwing off the horns developed by the existence of an environment very different from that to which the race was formerly accustomed.

SAINTE-BEUVE AND ZOLA.¹

AS regards the criticism of literature, Mr. Arnold did good service in directing our eyes to France, and when we spoke of French literary criticism any time in the fifties and sixties of this century, we meant first of all Sainte-Beuve. Here Mr. Arnold was surely right, nor did he depart from the balance and measure which he so highly valued when, in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, he described Sainte-Beuve as an unrivalled guide to bring us to a knowledge of the French genius and literature—"perfect, so far

as a poor mortal critic can be perfect, in knowledge of his subject, in tact, in tone." We are all pupils of Sainte-Beuve. But to what Mr. Arnold has said of Sainte-Beuve, I should like to add this: that while the great critic was French in his tact, French in his art of finely insinuating opinions, in his seeming *bonhomie*, and at the same time in the delicate malice of his pen, French above all in his sense of the intimate relations of literature with social life, his method as a critic was not the dominant method of France; it was hardly characteristic of the French intellect; it was his own method, and it had been in great measure our English method.

For, while possessing extraordinary mobility within certain limits seldom overpassed, the French intellect, as compared with that of England, is preëminently systematic, and to attain system, or method, or order in its ideas, it is often content to view things in an abstract or generalizing way, or even to omit things which present a difficulty to the systematizer. At the highest this order is a manifestation of reason, and when it imposes itself upon our minds, it brings with it that sense of freedom which accompanies the recognition of a law. But when by evading difficulties a pseudo-order is established, and when this is found, as it inevitably will be found in the course of time, to be a tyranny, then the spirit of system becomes really an element of disorder, provoking the spirit of anarchy, and, as M. Nisard has called it, the spirit of chimera. In a nation where the tendency towards centralisation is strong, and a central authority has been constituted, an order of ideas, which is probably in part true, in part false, will be imposed by that authority, and as years go by this will become traditional. So it was in France. The Academy was precisely such a central authority in matters intellectual, and from its origin it asserted a claim to be a tribunal in literary criticism. It imposed a doctrine, and created a tradition. But even among writers who revolted from the traditional or Academical manner in criticism, the spirit of system was often present, for the spirit of system is characteristic of the intellect of France. An idea, a dogma was enounced, and the facts were selected or compelled to square with the idea; an age was reduced to some formula which was supposed to express the spirit of that age, and the writers of the time were attenuated into proofs of a theory.

Now Sainte-Beuve's method as a critic was as far as possible removed from this abstract and doctrinaire method. He loved ideas, but he feared the tyranny of an idea. He was on his guard against the spirit of system. Upon his seal was engraved the English word "Truth," and the root of everything in his criticism, as Mr. Arnold said of him, is his simple-hearted devotion to truth. Mr. Arnold might have added that his method for the discovery of truth is the method characteristic of the best English minds, that of living and working in the closest relation with facts, and incessantly revising his opinions so that they may be in accord with facts. It will be in the memory of readers of Sainte-Beuve that in 1862, in the articles on Chateaubriand, afterwards included in the third volume of "*Nouveaux Lundis*," he turned aside to give an exposition of his own critical method. He had been reproached with the fact that he had no theory. "Those who deal most favorably with me have been pleased to say that I am a sufficiently good judge, but a judge who is without a code." And while admitting that there existed no code Sainte-Beuve, he went on to maintain that he had a method, formed by practice, and to explain what that method was. It was that for which afterwards, when reviewing a work by M. Deschanel, he accepted the name of naturalistic criticism. He tells us how we are inevitably carried from the book under our view to the entire work of the author, and so to the author himself; how we should study the author as forming one of a group with the other members of his household, and in particular that it is wise to look for his talent in the mother, and, if there be sisters, in one or more of the sisters; how we should seek for him in "*le premier milieu*," the group of friends and contemporaries who surrounded him at the moment when his genius first became full-fledged; how again we should choose for special observation the moment when he begins to decay, or decline, or deviate from his true line of advance under the influence of the world; for such a moment comes, says Sainte-Beuve, to almost every man; how we should approach our author through his admirers and through his enemies; and how, as the result of all these processes of study, sometimes the right word emerges which claims, beyond all power of resistance, to be a definition of the author's peculiar talent; such an one is a "rhetorician," such an one an "improvisator of genius." Chateaubriand himself, the subject of Sainte-Beuve's *causerie*, is "an Epicurean with the imagination of a Catholic." But, adds Sainte-Beuve, let us wait for this characteristic name, let us not hasten to give it.

This method of Sainte-Beuve, this inductive or naturalistic method, which advances cautiously from details to principles, and which is ever on its guard against the idols that deceive the mind,

¹From an article, "Literary Criticism in France," by Professor Edward Dowden, in the *Fortnightly Review*. (American publishers L. Scott Publication Co., N. Y.)

did not, as he says, quite satisfy his admirers among his own countrymen. They termed his criticism a negative criticism, without a code of principles; they demanded a theory. But it is a method which accords well with our English habits of thought; and the fact is perhaps worth noting that while Mr. Arnold was engaged in indicating, for our use, the vices and the foibles of English criticism as compared with that of France, Sainte-Beuve was thinking of a great English philosopher, as the best preparative master for those who would acquire a sure judgment in literature. "To be in literary history and criticism a disciple of Bacon," he wrote, "seems to me the need of our time." Bacon laid his foundations on a solid groundwork of facts, but it was his whole purpose to rise from these to general truths. And Sainte-Beuve looked forward to a time when as the result of countless observations, a science might come into existence which should be able to arrange into their various species or families the varieties of human intellect and character, so that the dominant quality of a mind being ascertained we might be able to infer from this a group of subordinate qualities. But even in his anticipations of a science of criticism Sainte-Beuve would not permit the spirit of system to tyrannize over him. Such a science, he says, can never be quite of the same kind as botany or zoology; man has "what is called *freedom of will*," which at all events presupposes a great complexity in possible combinations. And even if at some remote period, this science of human minds should be organized, it will always be so delicate and mobile, says Sainte-Beuve, that "it will exist only for those who have a natural calling for it, and a true gift for observation; it will always be an *art* requiring a skillful artist, as medicine requires medical tact in those who practice it." There are numberless obscure phenomena to be dealt with in the criticism of literature, and there are the phenomena of life, in perpetual process of change; there are the *nuances* to be caught, which, in the words of one who has tried to observe and record them, are "more fugitive than the play of light on the waters." Sainte-Beuve felt that to keep a living mind in contact with life must for the present be the chief effort of criticism, to touch here some vital point, and again some other point there. In that remarkable volume, "*Le Roman Expérimental*," in which M. Zola deals with his fellow authors not so much in the manner of a judge as in that of a truculent gendarme, he lays violent hold on Sainte-Beuve, claiming him as essentially a critic of his own so-called experimental school; not, indeed, that Sainte-Beuve's was one of those superior minds which comprehend their age, for was he not rather repelled than subdued by the genius of Balzac, and did he not fail to perceive that the romantic movement of 1830 was no more than the cry for deliverance from dogma and tradition of an age on its way to the naturalism of M. Zola himself? Still, says M. Zola, in certain pages Sainte-Beuve formulated with a tranquil daring the experimental method "which we put in practice." And it is true that there are points of contact between Sainte-Beuve's criticism, with its careful study of the author's *milieu*, and the doctrines proclaimed by M. Zola. But what a contrast between the spirits of the two men; what a contrast in the application to life even of the ideas which they possessed in common! M. Zola, whose mind is overridden, if ever a mind was, by the spirit of system; whose work, misnamed realistic, is one monstrous idealizing of humanity under the types of the man-brute and the woman-brute; and Sainte-Beuve, who in his method would fain be the disciple of our English Bacon; Sainte-Beuve, ever alert and mobile, ever fitting his mind to the nicenesses of fact, or tentatively grouping his facts in the hope that he may ascertain their law; Sainte-Beuve, whom, if the word "realism" be forced upon us, as it seems to be at the present time, we may name a genuine realist in the inductive study of the temperaments of all sorts and conditions of men.

PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

- MANUAL OF EMPIRICAL PSYCHOLOGY AS AN INDUCTIVE SCIENCE. By Dr. Gustav Adolf Lindner. Translation by Charles de Garmo. Pp. 274. \$—, Boston: D. C. Heath & Co.
- AN ELEMENTARY TREATISE UPON THE METHOD OF LEAST SQUARES. By George C. Comstock. Pp. 68. \$1.05 (by mail). Boston: Ginn & Co.
- BLIND LOVE. A Novel. By Wilkie Collins. Pp. 312. Paper. \$0.50. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

DRIFT.

A SPECIAL correspondent of the New York *Tribune*, now in Brazil, writes from Para, in regard to the trade between that country and the United States, as follows:

"When the three American Congress met in Washington early in October our free trade doctrinaires condemned the movement with fine irony. If these doctrinaires were to enter a Brazilian city and talk half an hour with an American or Portuguese merchant they would be taught a greatly needed lesson of self-restraint. They would find out at Para that rubber, the one great staple of the Amazon valley, is admitted into the United States

free of duty. More than two-thirds, possibly as much as three-quarters, of this raw material produced in Northern Brazil goes to the American market. Then if they were to continue the voyage with me to Rio and Santos they would ascertain that coffee, which is to Brazil what cotton is to our own South or wheat to our Northwest, is exported in enormous quantities to the United States and received there duty free. In this respect Americans offer to Brazil more favorable conditions of trade than England, for this great staple, coffee, is subject to a moderate duty there. Indeed, with the single exception of sugar, all the chief exports of Brazil enter the United States without restriction, and the exception is not an important one, since barely one-tenth of the sugar consumed there is supplied from that quarter. So far as Brazil is concerned there is no Chinese wall surrounding the American market. Instead of refusing to buy its merchandise, Americans are among its largest customers. They receive 66 per cent. of the exports of Rio."

The *Miners' Journal*, (Rep.), of Pottsville, addresses an open letter to Senator Quay, on the subject of the Republican nomination for Governor. After stating that there are various statements afloat that he favors Mr. Delamater, also General Hastings, and likewise a "dark horse," it says:

"It would please the people if you were to take them into 'at least the suburbs of your confidence, and inform them which of the leaders now in the field, it is your desire to nominate. This babel of tongues, sir, about your varied preference has driven many of us into doubt, so deep, sir, that we do not now know whether we should join the throng that cheers for Delamater or that which flies the name of Hastings from its flag. That sublime pity which you must also feel for your own spinal column, should prompt you to descend from the fence with that agility and grace inseparably connected with your name. For however wide the view your position opens before you, sir, you cannot really enjoy it in these barbed-wire times."

"The party, sir, admits your power to name the next candidate for Governor. It is a high privilege, sir, which I make no doubt you do most deeply appreciate, and which, I apprehend, you will recall was once or twice denied your predecessors. But those were different times. To-day I address you simply to ask that you will indicate your pleasure so that the faithful may know how and where to walk."

"That Mr. William C. Whitney," remarks the Brooklyn *Eagle* (Dem.), "would not be wholly inconsolable, if Messrs. Cleveland and Hill should knock one another out of the race, and, by the contrary and equal effect of reaction, knock him into it, may be taken for granted. He has brains, money, ambition, an excellent record in the navy department, much political tact, some disinterested and many interested friends. At the same time, the *Eagle* does not believe that Mr. Whitney will do anything in the circumstances against either Mr. Hill or Mr. Cleveland, when both they and circumstances may be possibly doing a great deal for him. His is a waiting race."

We know that it will grieve some of our free trade neighbors, but we cannot forbear pointing out that besides the remarkable shipbuilding activity in Maine and on the Delaware, vessels representing over \$3,000,000 are under contract to be constructed in the shipyards of Baltimore. A pretty good showing this, for what the free traders profess to regard as an entirely inconsequential American industry.—*Boston Journal*.

The race for the Republican gubernatorial nomination in this State has opened in earnest. Senator Delamater, General Hastings, and Major Monrooth having formally announced themselves. Secretary of the Commonwealth, Charles W. Stone, now also enters the arena. And now it will pay to watch Mr. Stone. He is an interesting figure and would make a candidate acceptable to all factions.—*Washington Observer*.

What did Postmaster-General Wanamaker mean when he said to the rich men at the New England dinner in this city the other day, "Use your money to establish great newspapers that shall not be afraid to speak the truth or to correct a mistake when they make one?" What city has need of such a newspaper as that? Where is there a city in which a perfectly fearless and truthful newspaper is yet wanting? The Postmaster-General should have been more explicit.—*The Manufacturer*, (Phila.)

Mr. Shearman informs the Free Traders that New England shipbuilding has "sunk into insignificance." Before he goes back to New York it would do Mr. Shearman good to take a look at the East Boston shipyards. And if that doesn't satisfy him, let him run down into Maine, whose shipbuilders launched last year more than 80 vessels of an aggregate tonnage of nearly 40,000, and are looking forward to a period of prosperity next year such as most of them have not known since the Rebellion.—*Boston Journal*.

Congressman Ray contributes the following interview to the *Washington Penny Press*: "Senator Quay gets everything he goes after. He is very willing to sign the applications of office seekers, but he has a special method of indicating the man whom he wants appointed. He will sign the papers of a dozen men who want the same place, but he will make a personal visit to a department for the man of his choice. Some time ago I went to the Agricultural Department to get a friend a place, and urged upon Secretary Rusk the fact that my man was warmly indorsed by Senator Quay. But the Secretary told me, 'Bless your soul, I've already appointed a man for that place, and he was especially endorsed personally by the Senator.' So you see Senator Quay has several degrees of indorsement, and the departments understand how to regard his name on a document."

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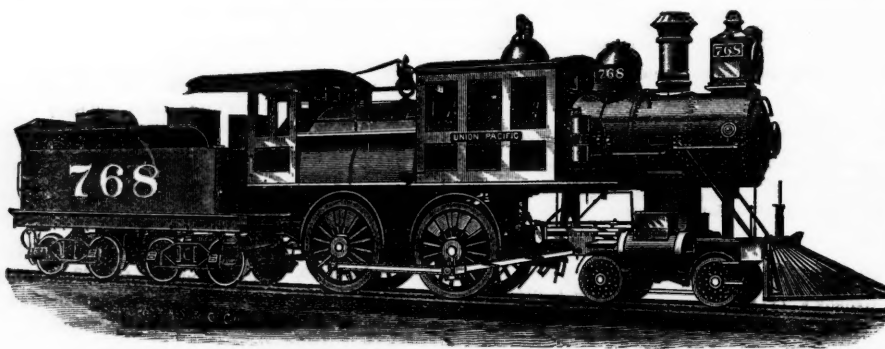
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